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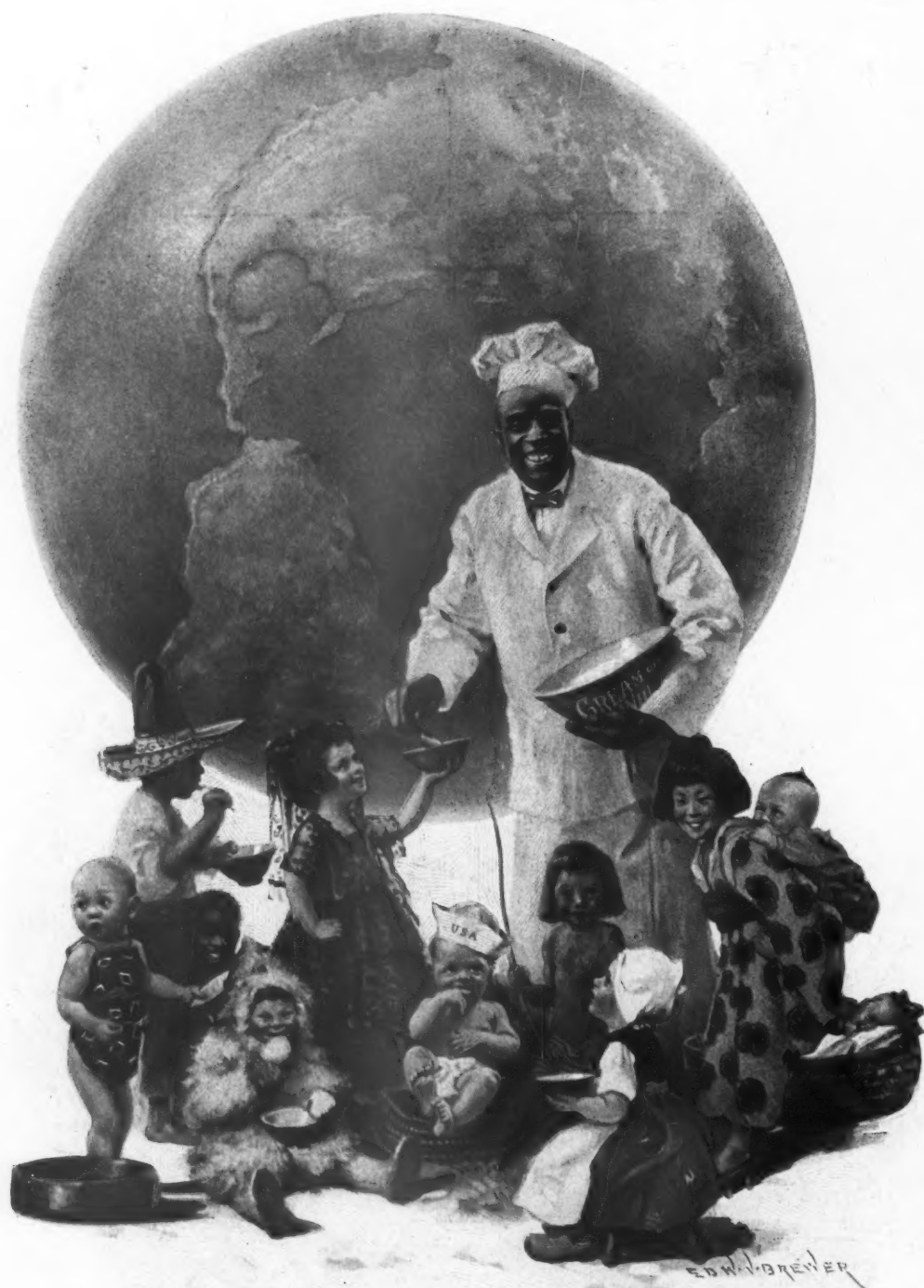
CHILD LIFE

The Children's Own Magazine

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CHILD LIFE

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CONTENTS FOR AUGUST, 1923

Number 8

COVER DESIGN Hazel Frazee

GREETING PAGE Rose Waldo

AUGUST ARIAS
Drawing by R. J. Appel

IN MUSIC LAND Frontispiece
Drawing by R. J. Appel

OCEAN WAVES Dixie Willson
Drawing by R. J. Appel

THE MUSIC OF SCANDINAVIA
Anne Faulkner Oberndorfer
Illustrations by Dagmar R. Hamilton

MY MUSIC PALACES Colleen Browne Kilner
Drawing by Carmen Browne

NURSERY NUGGETS
AT GRANDPA'S Frances Cavanah
Illustrations by Ethel R. Cline

JUST LIKE THIS Bess Devine Jewell

HAPPINESS HALL
WHEN LAFAYETTE CAME TO TOWN
Sarah Elizabeth Mulliken
Illustrations by John G. Curley

THE WATER LILY CANOE Frances Margaret Fox
Illustrations by Hazel Frazee

THE APPLE TREE Leroy F. Jackson

LITTLE ARTISTS
GAINSBOROUGH, THE TRUANT PAINTER
Maxine Davis
Illustrations by Mildred Lyon

FAIRY FANCIES
THE DAY MENDERS T. C. O'Donnell
Illustrations by R. J. Appel

PUZZLE—FIND THE FISH Helen Hudson
Drawing by Helen Hudson

OUTDOOR SPORTS
LIFE LINE RELAY RACE Dr. Emmett Dunn Angell
Illustrations by L. Kate Deal
THE TOYTOWN TATTLER Alfred Wideman
THE JOLLY J'S Helene Nyce

NATURE STORIES
ELEPHANT, JUNIOR Edyth Eustace
Illustrations by Milo Winter
THE PICNIC Marjorie Barrows
Illustrations by Ethel R. Cline
THE BABY SHOW Nettie V. Moren
Illustration by Ethel R. Cline
WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO Ruth Bradford
Illustration by Milo Winter

INDOOR PASTIMES
FABLES IN FABRIC Ruby Short McKim
Illustration by Helen Wallace
CATCH ME IF YOU CAN Gertrude Lee Crouch
SAUCY BUMBLEBEE Katherine S. Hazzard
ICE CREAM Hazel Hall
THE WIRELESS GUESSING GAME Anna Medary
Illustration by Helen Hudson
BUTTON GAME: CATCH 'EM Patten Beard
OUR BOOK FRIENDS Avis Freeman Meigs
YOUR SUIT AND DOLLY'S Laura Valentine
SUMMER SAILING CUTOUT Elinor d'Albert

GOOD CITIZENS' LEAGUE Lori Brown

JOY GIVERS' CLUB

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MADE IN U. S. A.



AUGUST ARIAS

WILL you come in our boat
And dreamily float
Round the borders of Musicland?
Before it is day
We'll be on our way
With Euterpe herself in command.

We'll listen to words
Of the wakening birds
When the summer night is just gone,
And hear the first notes
That come from their throats,
Saluting the coming of dawn.

We'll watch the soft breeze
As it wakens the trees,
Nestled close to the water-kissed shore;
Not a noise will we make
Till the leaves are awake
And beg all the birds to sing more.

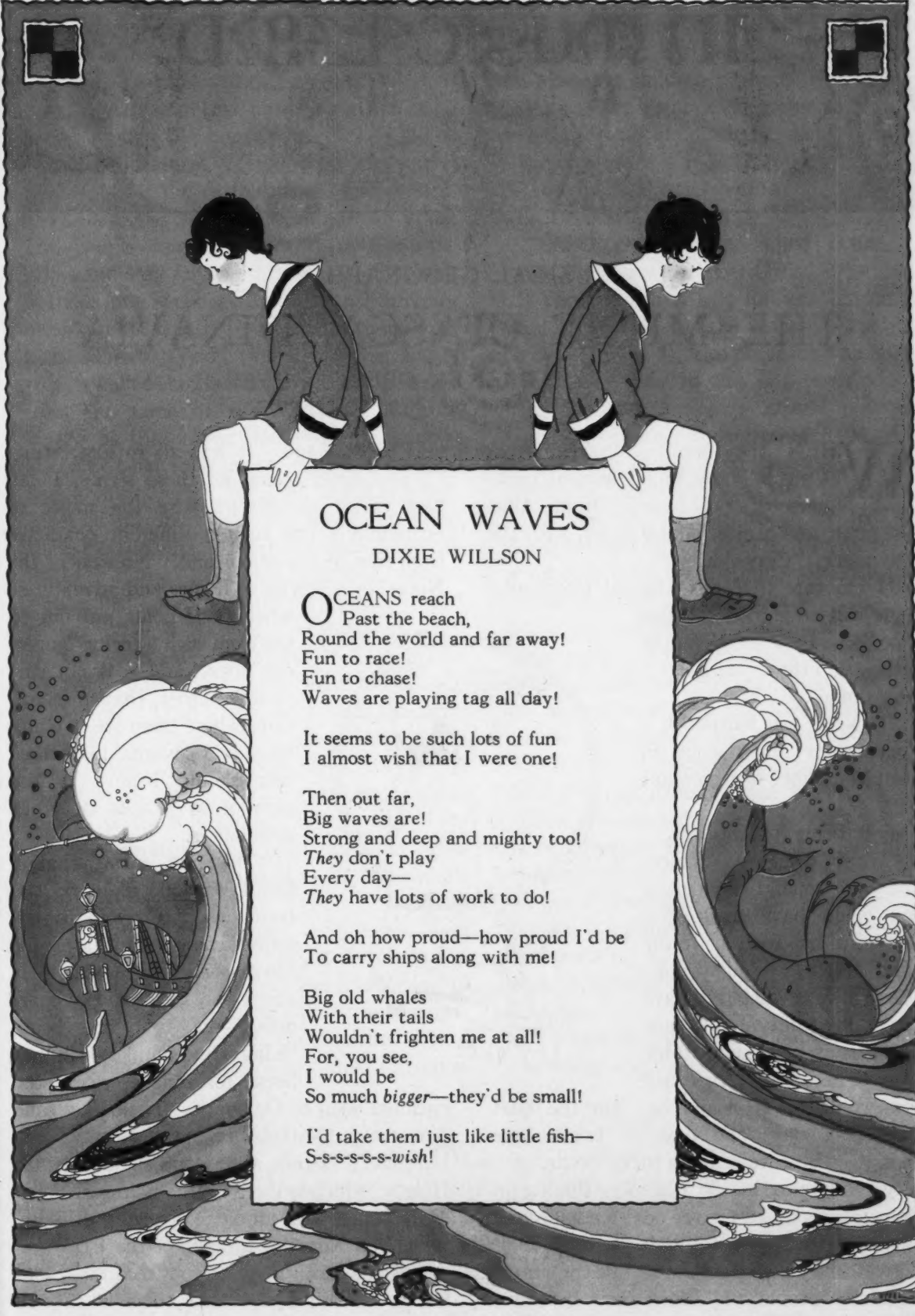
While their matins they sing
The sunrise will fling
The magic of summertime o'er us;
Completely spell-bound,
We'll not make a sound
But wordlessly welcome their chorus.

All the musical day
We'll drift on our way,
Enrapt with the melodies 'round us,
Till the clear water glints
With twilight's soft tints
And the wonders of Dreamland have found us.

Rose Waldo, editor.







OCEAN WAVES

DIXIE WILLSON

OCEANS reach
Past the beach,
Round the world and far away!
Fun to race!
Fun to chase!
Waves are playing tag all day!

It seems to be such lots of fun
I almost wish that I were one!

Then out far,
Big waves are!
Strong and deep and mighty too!
They don't play
Every day—
They have lots of work to do!

And oh how proud—how proud I'd be
To carry ships along with me!

Big old whales
With their tails
Wouldn't frighten me at all!
For, you see,
I would be
So much *bigger*—they'd be small!

I'd take them just like little fish—
S-s-s-s-s-wish!



MUSICAL GEOGRAPHY

THE MUSIC OF SCANDINAVIA

By ANNE FAULKNER OBERNDORFER

Author of What We Hear in Music, Music in the Home, etc.

WHEN the family returned from Canada, they found several packages of post cards from Aunt Margaret, and a nice, plump letter, with the post mark, "Copenhagen."

"I am sure that our Musical Geography game will be a good one this time," said Dick, as the family gathered in the living room after dinner.

The letter was written in Copenhagen and began in Aunt Margaret's own pleasant way.

"My untiring Adventurers:

"What would you have said and done, I wonder, if you could have made this wonderful trip with me to the Land of the Midnight Sun? I have always wanted to have this opportunity, but now that it is over, it seems to me that I never half dreamed how wonderful it would be. On the boat there were days and days of bright blue skies, deep blue water, high rocky fjords, with lofty mountains in the distance, shining in the sunshine. I can never describe it to you. Then our trip down through the interior of Norway and Sweden, where we saw the simple life of the people and heard their beautiful folk songs. How I wish I could make that

real to you, too. It was all so interesting!

"But after seeing all these sights, I can now easily understand why the music of Scandinavia has such a different character from that of any other land. No wonder the Norse loves stories of heroes and adventures,

when their boats put out to sea from such a rocky dangerous coast; and it is not surprising, either, that in mountains where there are so many lakes and caverns, the simple folk should believe in the mysterious pranks of trolls and fairies.

"The first music that I heard was one night on the boat, when a group of the sailors came in and sang for the passengers. Most of their songs were of a national character, the first one being 'King Christian,' which has been for many years the

national song of Denmark. Then they sang Nordraak's 'National Hymn of Norway' and Lindblad's 'From the Depths of Swedish Hearts,' which is the Swedish National Song. They ended with an old Norwegian drinking song, 'To Norway, Mother of the Brave.'

"I have all of these on records," said Father. "But I also have them in a book here, and I think it would be fun to try to



sing them ourselves. I know you'll like them."

There was very little trouble in singing the last one, though the family found "King Christian" a little difficult to sing.

"We heard our best music when we came down through the interior of Norway. The mountain pastures of Norway are called 'saeters,' and the cattle are driven up there in the summer to get the nice fresh grass. The people come up with them from the farms and stay for several weeks. Of course, in these long evenings, there is much time for music and dancing. In Norway, there is an interesting old fiddle with a double set of strings, called the Hardanger fiddle. It comes from the same district that the beautiful needle of that name does. Then, there is also a box-like instrument, shaped something like a harp, which is called the Langeleik. Most of the folk songs are accompanied by these instruments. The Norwegian songs are of two types; some are vigorous, almost boisterous; and others are very plaintive and tender. The songs sung in dialogue are very popular, and there are two that I would like to have you hear, 'Astri, My Astri,' and 'Ola, Ola.' Then I liked very much the songs that told a story. One called, 'Han Mass Aa'n Lasse,' (Three Whole Days) which tells the story of two men who went out to shoot bears. I think Dick will like it and I am sure the girls will feel sorry for poor 'Han Ole' who died of a broken heart because his sweetheart passed away."

The family had a good laugh over these songs, for Father had bought a Norwegian song collection which had the translation of the words, so they could follow the singer.

"All over Scandinavia the peasants love to dance, and they usually begin their festivities

by a march, which becomes a dance. The Norwegian Mountain Marches are very famous. Grieg has given us a number. I am sure you children all know that Edward Grieg was the greatest composer of Norway, and that in all his music he uses Norwegian folk melodies. We had an interesting experience going through his old home at Bergen, which is now a museum.

"Oh, I know Grieg," cried Doris, "he wrote the music for 'Peer Gynt.'"

"You are right," said Father, "and if you want to we will stop the letter now and hear Grieg's 'In the Hall of the Mountain King.' You remember that this is a description of how the trolls and imps chased poor Peer Gynt out of the underground halls of the king of the Dovre Mountains. Aunt Margaret now tells of a trip to Dovre Mountains."

"I was very anxious to go up to Dovre Field because of the Peer Gynt stories, and we had a most interesting experience there, for we stumbled on a peasant wedding. You know the weddings in Norway are of much importance. The peasants wear their most brilliant costumes, and the dancing continues for several days. It was here that we saw for the first time a real Norwegian Halling, which is one of the national dances of Norway. You will be interested also in knowing that one of the peasants, when he found we were from America, suggested that they all sing 'Gamale Norge.' This song is very popular all over Scandinavia, and tells about the homesick immigrant. I think you will remember that we found out last year that the song originally came from Halsted Street, Chicago.

"When we reached Sweden, we found that the songs and dances were more like those of



other countries, for in the early days the Court of Stockholm was French, and later the Germans influenced the music of Sweden very much. Yet the peasants still use a lute for the accompaniment of their songs and dances, an old lute, very much more crude than those used by the Troubadours, but still the same instrument. We were fortunate in hearing a concert given in Stockholm by Torkel Scholander, who sang with lute accompaniment. One of the songs I particularly liked was a setting of a merry old story, told by Bellmann, who was the famous eighteenth century Swedish poet. I think there are some records made by Scholander that you can hear.

"I have brought two, with the lute accompaniments," said Father. "One is this 'Bellmann' song, and the other is a song of the 'Shepherd Boy!' But let us finish Aunt Margaret's letter.

"Most of the dances of Sweden describe workers of various sorts, such as the shoemaker, the tinker, etc. The Polska, a very rapid polka, is also popular all over Sweden; and the Swedes' celebration of weddings is similar to that found in Norway. There are always special dances and special marches in each district. Each district, too, has its own type of song. One of the loveliest folk songs

in the world is called 'Vermeland,' and comes from that district in Sweden. I also want you to hear again the popular Swedish folk song, 'When I Was Seventeen,' which is full of the trills and roulades that all soprano singers love. It is a curious thing, but some of the best singers in the world have come from Sweden. Two of the most famous were Christine Nilsson and Jenny Lind.

"In the mountains all over the world, the yodel is always found; and it is almost as popular in Norway and Sweden as in Switzerland. I was surprised to find that the cattle are called home in much the same way that they are in the Alps, the herdsman using a cow-horn, or lur, sometimes singing the melody that the echo repeats after his instrument. If you want to understand this very clearly, listen to the 'Norwegian Echo

Song' by Thrane and you will see just what I mean.

"When we reached Copenhagen we found that a festival of Scandinavian dance and song was to take place. Added to this, there were some lovely old songs from Iceland, and we heard some of the dance songs from Denmark.

"It seems to me that it would be a good exercise for us to dance together a Klapp Dans before we go to bed," said Mother.



MY MUSIC PALACES

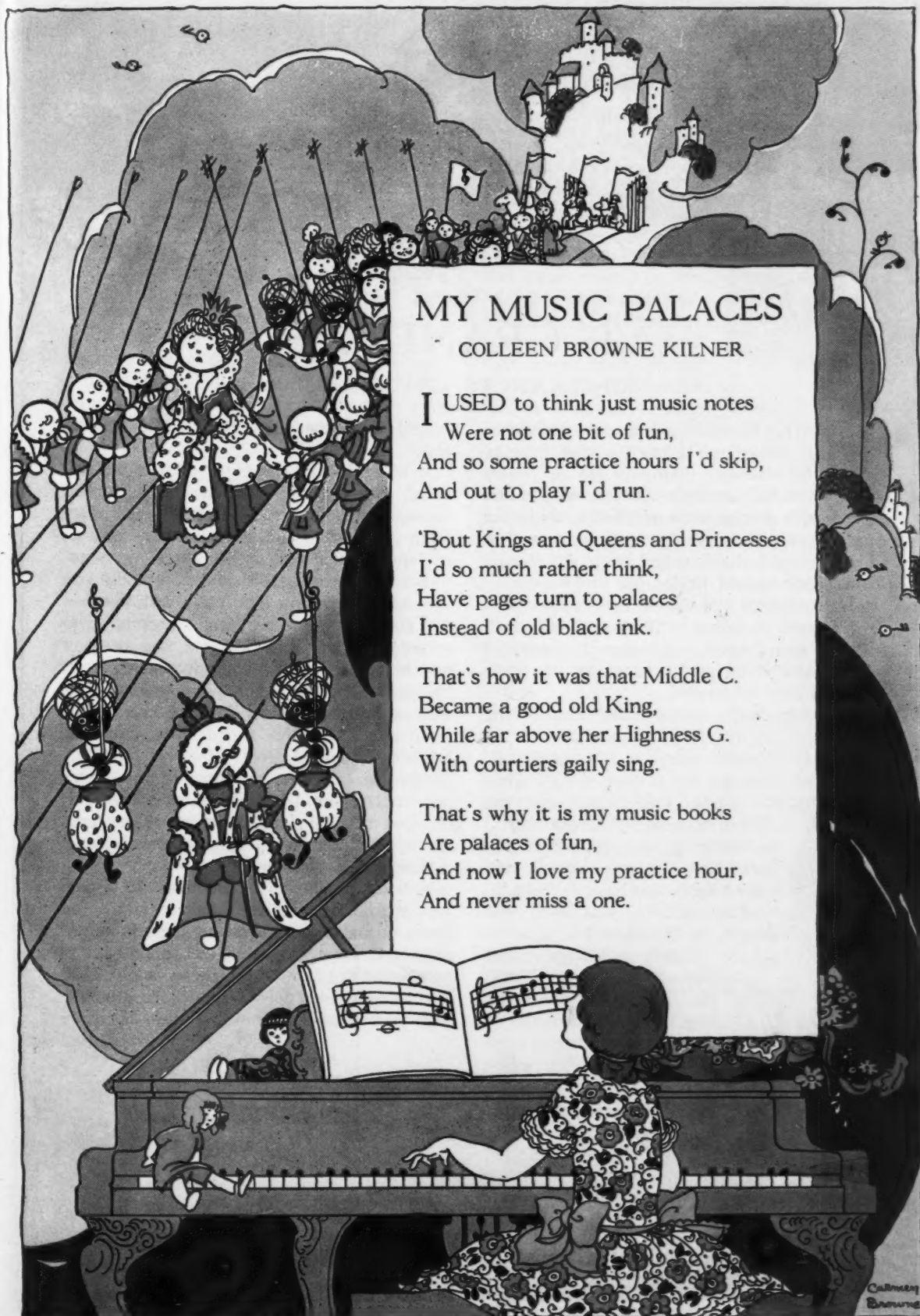
COLLEEN BROWNE KILNER

I USED to think just music notes
Were not one bit of fun,
And so some practice hours I'd skip,
And out to play I'd run.

'Bout Kings and Queens and Princesses
I'd so much rather think,
Have pages turn to palaces
Instead of old black ink.

That's how it was that Middle C.
Became a good old King,
While far above her Highness G.
With courtiers gaily sing.

That's why it is my music books
Are palaces of fun,
And now I love my practice hour,
And never miss a one.



Colleen
Browne



AT GRANDPA'S

By FRANCES CAVANAH

HONK! Honk!" said the automobile as it slowed up before Grandpa's pretty farmhouse. "Honk! Honk!" and Patty was in Granny's arms—golden-haired Patty with snappy little mischief lights in her hazel eyes. Then she flew to Grandpa with a hippety-hop and a dash and jump, and giggled when his whiskers tickled her in kissing.

In less than a half minute Prince, the collie, was around the house. "Welcome, welcome!" he bow-wow'd lustily and wagged his beautiful tail. But behind in the farmyard the other animals were not so glad.

"Foolish dog!" cluck-clucked Cackle, the hen.

"Cheep, cheep!" agreed her many babies. They had only come out of their shells a week before and had not had time to learn even the chicken language. "Cheep, cheep" was really the only thing that they knew how to say, just as tiny human babies say only "W-a-a."

"Patty will fool him, too!" and Honey, the bee, buzzed busily.

"And she'll laugh at him just as she did poor Grandpa," moored Cud-chew, the cow, oh, so sorrowfully.

And that was what the trouble was all about.

It was this way. Patty lived in a big city called New York. When her grandpa had visited her there, her daddy had taken all of them to Coney Island, a place where folks go to have a good time. There are merry-go-rounds and shoot-the-shoots that ride you very quickly from a high place to a low one and then, when you are least expecting it, go sp-lash into the water. Patty had been in one before, but poor Grandpa never had. He held on tightly to the side and when they went sp-lash he grabbed Patty and started to jump out. The little girl had laughed and laughed and lots of people heard her. Grandpa was so em-bar-rased because the others had laughed too. He said that he guessed the city was not the place for him, and the farm animals had heard him telling Granny all about it when he got home.

Now the animals loved the dear old farmer very much. It put them in a bad humor for Patty to make him feel em-bar-rased. They did not know exactly what this meant, but it sounded terrible. When they heard that Patty was coming for a visit to the country, they just decided they would show her that



the farmyard could be as mysterious and exciting for a little city girl as Coney Island was to Grandpa.

All but Prince! "No, indeed," he barked as he thumped loudly with his lovely tail on the chicken coop for order. "I am a friend of man, and I think that also means I am a friend of little girls. You shall not hurt Patty."

"We don't want to hurt her," said Cackle, and her babies added, "Cheep, cheep, cheep!" (I think they really meant, "Of course not!") "But we want to scare her," went on their mother, "just as she did poor Grandpa, and em— em—"

"And em-bar-rass her!" moored Cud-chew.

Prince liked Patty and knew that she didn't really mean to make Grandpa feel sorry when she giggled. Of course, dogs are much wiser than other animals and know almost as much as we human beings. Still he wanted Patty to know that the farm wasn't such an unexciting place as she seemed to think. So, when she started gaily off to see the animals, he very wisely let her go alone—not, however, without secretly watching her from a distance.

"Hello, cow-in-the-corn," she called saucily to Cud-chew as she sat on the top rail of the fence and laughed right in her face to see her having such a good time with her cud. Now Cud-chew wasn't in the corn at all; she was in the pasture where all good cows should be. Besides, she liked her cud and could not see why a little girl should think it funny. So she ran at Patty, who jumped off the fence in a hurry, I can tell you. But she jumped off on the wrong side. How Cud-chew did chase her, and of course the little city girl couldn't know that she was doing it for fun. When Patty finally found a fence hole to crawl through she felt just as Grandpa did when he went sp-lash into the water.

But not for long, for here came Cackle and her babies. "Oh, what sweet

little chickens," she cooed. "They're just like the one that Daddy bought me in a store last Easter."

Naturally, this was more than any fond mother could stand, be she hen or human being. Your mamma believes that you're the sweetest child that ever lived; so of course Cackle didn't think that chickens like her darling babies could be bought for a nickel or a dime, or even a quarter, in a city store. She set up a loud cackling, and all the hens in the farmyard joined her. There must have been two dozen of them, and they seemed to say, "What a silly child!" And, indeed, Patty did feel very foolish. Then to make matters worse the rooster began to cock-a-doo in the loudest voice of all, and the little city girl felt every bit as em-bar-rassed as Grandpa had when she laughed at him at Coney Island.

"I'll play with those bees over there," she thought crossly. "They're too little to bother me, and they won't make much noise since they can't say anything but 'Buzz!'"

The bees were too busy that sunny afternoon, to help show Patty how very exciting a farm can be. So they had decided to leave her alone and let the others teach her the lesson they really thought she needed. But Patty wouldn't let them! She rushed right up to a flower that had an extra large supply of pollen and started to pick it. Oh, how loud

(Continued on page 531)



—ETHEL R. CLINE—1923

JUST LIKE THIS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY BESS DEVINE JEWELL

Pudgy, Red and Bud were practicing diving.
Bud and Red could dive

JUST LIKE THIS



The boys laughed and laughed until their sides
were sore

JUST LIKE THIS



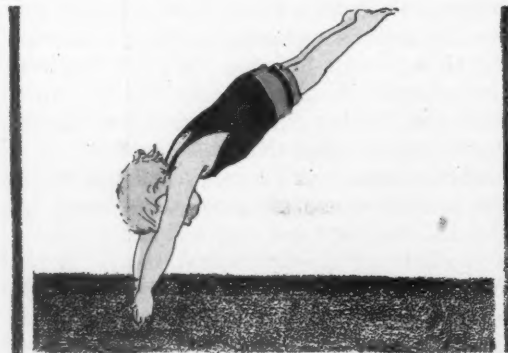
Pudgy thought he would dive like that, too.
But when his turn came he made a most un-
graceful attempt

JUST LIKE THIS



But Zingo the Elf appeared and cheered
Pudgy by telling him something. Pretty soon
Pudgy was diving

JUST LIKE THIS



The second time he took better aim, waved
his arms back and forth carefully and then—in
he went

JUST LIKE THIS



He didn't come up again and the boys were
worried. He swam under water to fool them.
Soon he called from across the stream

JUST LIKE THIS





WHEN LAFAYETTE CAME TO TOWN

By SARAH ELIZABETH MULLIKEN

MARY ESTHER first heard of it one day at dinner. Her father came home flushed, with his wig a bit awry.

"Children," he said, "something is going to happen which you will remember all your lives. General Lafayette is coming here to Newburyport. Think of it! We shall see the brave Frenchman, without whose help we could not have won our freedom."

"Goody!" said Mary Esther. She knew all about Lafayette, how he left his beautiful France, was cold and hungry, went right into the mouths of roaring cannon, all because he loved liberty.

"Father, is there to be a procession? Are you to do anything? And are the boys to be in it?"

"One question at a time, daughter! Yes, there is to be a procession, and as Tom, William and Charles are members of the Washington Guards, of course they will march. I am one of the Committee of Welcome, so your mother and I will have the honor of greeting General Lafayette. What is more, Mary Esther, you will be in a procession of school children. The morning after he arrives, if it is pleasant, the children, dressed in white, are to march to the Tavern. Possibly he will say something to you."

"Oh!" murmured Mary Esther. What fun to see Lafayette, and to be in a procession too! "May I wear my best white dress, scalloped around the bottom?"

"Your best is none too good for General Lafayette," replied her father. "And you will wear a wreath on your head."

Mary Esther was excited, and so was everyone else in Newburyport. Her mother said she was too little to go out into the woods with the boys to find sweet-smelling evergreen to trim the triumphal arch, but she watched them as they tacked up the motto, "The Hero of Two Continents," and surround it with French and American flags. It was a grand arch!

Lafayette was coming from Ipswich in his carriage drawn by four horses, with boys, dressed in livery, astride the leaders. The procession would meet him at the boundary of the town. Mary Esther would scarcely know Tom and Bill and Charles dressed in their fierce uniforms as Washington Guards. Their tall bearskin caps were so threatening and their red coats so dazzling! There would be the Artillery Company firing guns which shook the very earth and made Mary Esther tremble! There also would be drums and fife and torches—for he was coming in the evening.

Mary Esther, as a great privilege, was to sit up that night, and Jane, the black maid, was to take her out to the street to see the sights.

Father, in his blue, swallow-tailed coat with brass buttons and ruffled shirt, and Mother, in her embroidered muslin, were to go to the reception at the Tracy's. Mary Esther dressed Betsy Bobkins, the kitten, in a fresh red bow. Betsy was the only young thing in the house, beside Mary Esther. The boys were terribly old—almost grown-up. Naturally Betsy and Mary Esther were chums.

"Will the twenty-ninth of August and Lafayette never come?" asked Mary Esther of her mother.

The day did draw nearer and nearer. Scores of candles were ready to light in all the windows of the big house. The candlesticks were rubbed and rubbed until the shiny brass reflected all sorts of funny, grinning little girls when Mary Esther looked into them.

Finally it was the day. What do you suppose the sun did that morning? It hid its face! The wind began to blow, and how it did blow, to be sure! It blew all the flags inside and wrong-side out. It tore the old ones to shreds; it broke the branches of the trees. Worst of all it blew up rain, and it rained, and rained, and rained. The poor scarlet sage, the white everlasting and the blue larkspurs on the arch drooped their heads and shed tears! The streets looked like thin chocolate pudding!

"Father," said Mary Esther, lifting a sober face from the windowpane, "will the school

children have the procession tomorrow?"

"No, the children could not possibly march through such mud as this, even if it clears."

"Oh!" sobbed Mary Esther.

"What, child, crying? Crying because you cannot march in a procession! Remember, Lafayette never lost his good cheer even if he was hungry and cold, and bullets whizzed by! The way to honor him is by following his example. Smile, when you want to cry!"

Mary Esther tried to smile, and watched the hairdresser arrange her mother's curls for the reception. Tom, Bill and Charles got out their uniforms. And it rained, and it rained, and it rained.

After supper the boys went to the Mall where the procession was to form. From their bear-skin caps, the water ran down in streams over their noses, down their necks! The drum and fife corps went by. Mary

Esther could see the drummers' arms going "bum-bum-bum, bum, bum!" but it blew so hard, she could not hear a sound.

The coach came to take her father and mother to the Tracy house for the reception.

Said Mother, "It is too hard a storm for Mary Esther to go out to see the procession. Jane will stay with you, dear, and when the procession comes, you can go to the door, and wave your flag. You can see General Lafayette beautifully from here!"

Father and Mother kissed her, and Mary Esther kept back the tears, remembering what Father said, to honor Lafayette by smiling when you wanted to cry!

The candles were all lighted, and the flames



blew as the windows shook. Betsy Bobkins, in her red ribbon, was cheerful. She chased her tail, and joyfully ate the fig Mary Esther gave her.

"Boom-boom-boom! Shake-shake-shake!" The guns told of the arrival of General Lafayette. He would be in front of the house within a few minutes. Off ran Jane, the black girl, to open the front door.

"Come into the porch, quick, Mary Esther!" she cried, over her shoulder.

"We'll see it fine!"

There was a bang in the dining room. Mary Esther remembered Betsy Bobkins was there. Was she stealing figs from the sideboard? Mary Esther opened the door, and out rushed Betsy. What was that light? Betsy Bobkins, frightened by the guns, had tipped over a lighted candle, and the window curtain was ablaze!

"Bum-bum-bum, bum-bum!"

She knew the procession was coming.

"Jane, Jane!" cried Mary Esther. But Jane, with the noise of the rain, the wind and the drums, heard nothing else.

The curtain was all burning up! Mary Esther ran for the big water pitcher on the table and dashed it on the flames. She pulled down the curtain. She rushed to the kitchen, tugged in the water bucket and threw water on the sparks that remained. She jumped up and down on the curtain! The fire was out! The house wasn't burned!

Then she ran as fast as she could to the front door.

"Why, Mary Esther," cried Jane, "why

didn't you come? The procession has all come and gone!"

And Mary Esther, remembering, tried to laugh and not to cry.

Next morning when her father heard of it, he gave Mary Esther a bear's hug.

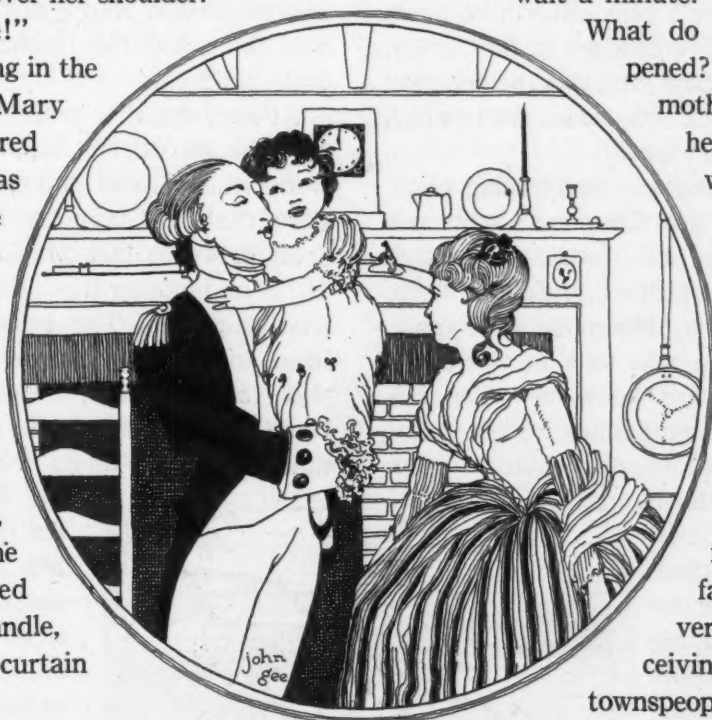
"Such a brave child surely ought to see Lafayette! It isn't every little girl who would know how to put out a fire! Particularly when a procession was passing the door. Just wait a minute."

What do you suppose happened? Mary Esther's mother dressed her in her best white dress with a scalloped edge, tied her new blue sash in a wonderful bow behind, and her father took her in the coach to the Wolfe Tavern. General Lafayette had finished his breakfast, and at that very moment was receiving a few of the townspeople before leaving for Portsmouth.

Father walked in, holding Mary Esther by the hand. The little girl felt very proud and just a little scared. But in another moment when the famous general looked at her and smiled, all fears vanished. Father walked right up to the great Frenchman and saluted him, and he too felt very proud.

"General," he said, "may I present my little daughter, Mary Esther? She was so busy putting out a fire last night, she missed seeing you pass, much to her disappointment."

The great Frenchman took Mary Esther in his arms and kissed her. That was better than marching in a procession!



THE WATER LILY CANOE

By FRANCES MARGARET FOX

Author of *Carlota*, *How Christmas came to the Mulvanys*,
The Country Christmas, *Little Bear series*, *The Kinderkins*, etc.

LONG years ago, on a wilderness farm near Old Mackinaw, there lived a merry little boy. This little boy, whose name was John, loved to swim and dive and go paddling on a board in a lake where water lilies grew. There were other children in the family, but this little boy John was the one they called their duck because he was so much at home in the water.

The little lake was really a big pond. It was one of two that were almost side by side in the pine woods. The other lake was on the farm of a neighbor where a little girl lived. Her name was Fannie; she was the one who told me this story.

The ponds had no names then but were called the mud lakes. They didn't look muddy because they were so deep; but they did have mud bottoms. In the middle of these mud lakes water lilies grew—big, big beautiful water lilies—but they never, never were picked to make log cabins lovely.

Little Fannie used to long to gather the water lilies; but neither her father nor John's had time to make a boat; not even in the winter. It was wonderful to see the way John could

go paddling all over the little lake on a board, but he couldn't paddle and pick water lilies at the same time.

"If we only had a boat!" little Fannie used to say, "then we could get the lilies and take them to the sick folks and the well folks and the teacher and all the little children."

At last, one day in the early autumn, something wonderful happened; it was as wonderful to those two children as anything that ever happened in a fairy tale. John drove to Old Mackinaw with his father and mother when they went to get fresh supplies. The reason that John liked to go was because he loved the wide, blue Straits. It seemed as if he could never see enough of the big water; miles and miles of it. Naturally then,

the first thing he did that day in Old Mackinaw was to go straight to the long railroad dock and hang over the railing and look down, down through the clear water.

Soon a man appeared on the beach below him, carrying a beautiful birch-bark canoe. John knew a birch-bark canoe when he saw it, and you may be sure he stared! The man carried it as lightly and



easily as John's mother carried the empty clothes basket on a June wash day.

John learned afterward that this man had been traveling in the Lake Superior country. There he had seen the Indians riding their birch-bark canoes. It looked easy. He was a rich man and he paid the Indians much money for making him one. He waited in Old Mackinaw till a fisherman could bring it to him and intended to ship it to Florida by railroad. He expected to be in Florida all that winter and looked forward to paddling up and down the Florida rivers and inlets. That man expected to be happy as a Lake Superior Indian; so he whistled that morning and was merry as a little boy on Christmas day when Santa Claus has left exactly the right toy.

John was happy, too, and he was glad that the man had decided to try his canoe in the Mackinaw waters before having a crate made. The man looked up and smiled when he saw the small boy leaning over the railing, watching him.

"I am going to ride my canoe around the end of the railroad-dock" he called out joyfully.

John nodded and smiled; he was rather a bashful boy.

It was a beautiful morning; there was not a ripple on the usually rough water.

The man pushed the canoe lightly into the water and stepped in. He carefully seated himself and began to paddle with his beautiful new white paddle. He paddled to the right, he paddled to the left and then there was a big splash! He had upset his canoe and landed himself in the water. John couldn't help laughing aloud at the sight of that man picking himself up in the shallow water, with his traveling suit all dripping.

The man didn't laugh, though, or look at the boy. He righted his canoe, pushed it into deeper water and carefully climbed in again. Even then he didn't look up but behaved as if he were wearing a bathing suit and expected to get wet. Again and again that patient man tried to paddle his own canoe, and again and again over he went with great splashing. He was a good swimmer or the boy would not have laughed as he did.

At last the man, standing up to his neck in the water after the canoe had tipped him over and out many times, turned quickly and said to the laughing boy, "Do you think you could ride this canoe around the end of the dock, young man?"

"Yes, sir, I believe I could," the small boy answered.

"Were you ever in a canoe?"

"No, sir, but I know I could keep



HAZEL

FRANK

it right side up!" And how that boy laughed!

"Can you swim?" the man went on.

"Yes sir." John stopped laughing. He began to have a wild hope that this stranger would let him try his canoe.

"You say that you can keep this canoe right side up, so you just come right down here and try it!" the man finally advised.

A squirrel couldn't have beat a race with John that time.

"Now young man," the stranger continued, "if you can paddle my canoe around the end of the dock and back, I will give you the canoe. If you upset, I'll give you a dollar."

Like a prince in a fairy tale, the boy took the dainty oar and paddled swiftly away. It was the happiest hour of his life. Instead of standing on a board and paddling over his father's pond, here he was paddling a real birch-bark canoe on the broad blue Straits of Mackinaw.

It is a good thing John's mother didn't see her son's performance that day because the railroad dock is quarter of a mile long, the water at the end is twenty feet deep and the current, which is like a river in the water, is swift and strong. His mother would surely have been frightened could she have seen him

go skimming over that deep, deep water.

The man whistled in surprise; he whistled in admiration, too, as he watched that small boy fly over the water in the light canoe. There wasn't a chance that John would upset. He could paddle like an Indian. When he returned, after paddling around the end of the dock, he wasn't the only smiling one. The man who owned the canoe was delighted.

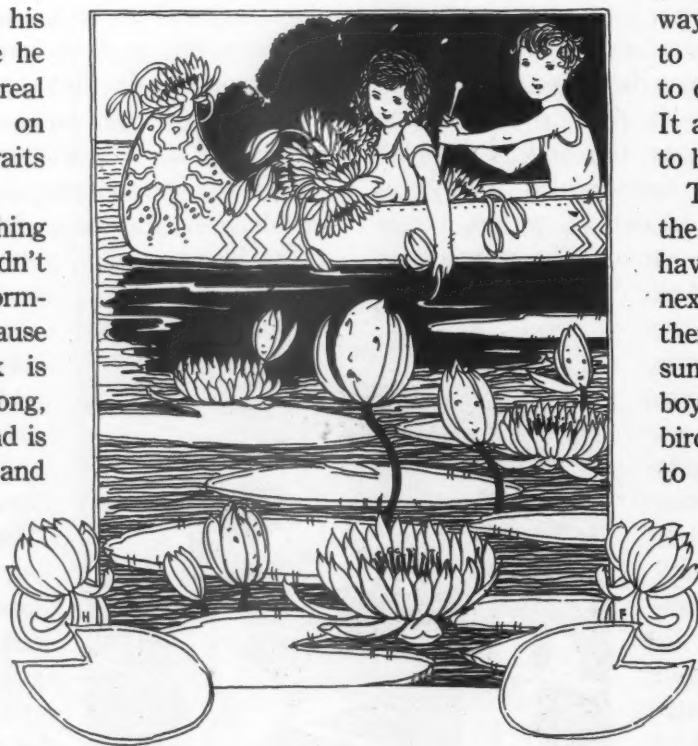
"The canoe is your's," he said. "And I shall give you the dollar besides! Here it is!"

There it was and there was the canoe.

Little Fannie of the wilderness could scarcely believe her ears when she heard the story; she could scarcely believe her eyes when she saw the canoe. It was so light she could lift and carry it herself. The boy was

generous; he straightway offered to teach her to paddle and began to do so the next day. It all seemed too good to be true.

The water lilies in the two mud lakes must have been surprised the next summer, because then, and for many a summer afterward, a boy and a girl in a birch-bark canoe used to paddle out to the middle of first one lake and then the other, gathering loads and loads of lilies to be given away—to make log cabins lovely.



THE APPLE TREE

By LEROY F. JACKSON

THE cottonwood is nice and tall,
The beech is nice and fat,
The silver maple's sort of soft
And furry, like a cat;
But the apple tree is the climbing tree

With limbs that spread and sprawl,
So you can climb up to the very top
And swing and cling and call.
Oh, the apple tree, the climbing tree,
Is the very best tree of all.



GAINSBOROUGH, THE TRUANT PAINTER

By MAXINE DAVIS

GOOD morning, Tommy. Come out and play!" cheeped the fattest, gladdest Robin Redbreast, a-swinging on a bough just outside Tom Gainsborough's window when he woke up this summer morning.

"Come out, come out, Tommy!" the shifting green shadows seemed to call, as they played hide and seek with the joyful morning sunbeams. The little boy looked out ruefully, as he carefully washed behind his ears to please Mother. Robin Redbreast and the great shady fruit trees and his dog, rollicking about because he was thankful for the summer, all made pictures he wanted so very much to copy into his sketchbook.

"Father, may I have a holiday today?" he suggested hopefully, when he came downstairs, all shining clean.

"Why, son, you have such an excellent record this term that I prefer that you go to school until it is over and leave it unspoiled," his father replied.

Tommy ate his breakfast a bit

sorrowfully. For his perfect record, which was certainly not to be desired today when he did not want to go to school, had not been earned in a very honorable manner.

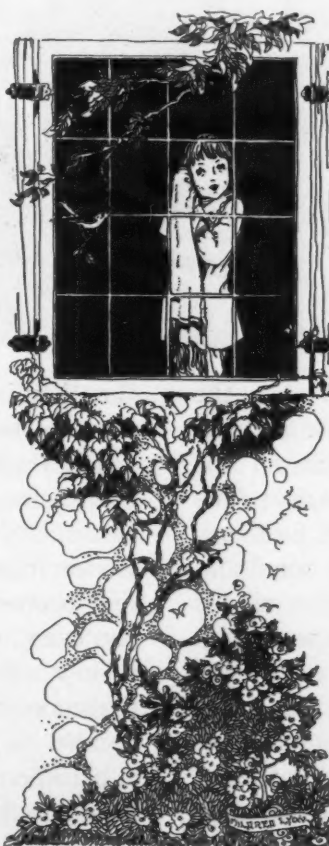
You see, young Thomas Gainsborough could make pictures when he was a small boy. He was a bright lad, but he did so hate his grammar and arithmetic! It was not, therefore, very long until he found that his school-mates were so delighted with the pictures he made in his own copy books that they begged him to draw some in their's.

"Aw, draw me a picture of the school!" begged Johnny, who stood first in arithmetic.

"No. I have to do my square roots," Tommy had said with his jolly grin.

"You make the pictures, and I'll do your 'rithmetic."

Thereafter Tom's problems were perfect. The other boys soon found they could have pretty drawings by telling Tommy Gainsborough the answers to history questions and helping him with his subjunctive mode.



No wonder Tommy's record was perfect! Of course, he knew it was most discreditable, and today he was sorriest, because if his father had not thought him such a bright boy he might have been allowed to play. He knew then that he lived most happily when he did his own work without regard for others' accomplishments. And this perhaps influenced him when he grew up and painted his masterpieces without any efforts to follow in the footsteps of other artists. There was only one thing in school that Tom loved to do, and that was to write. He could make his letters beautifully.

While he ate his breakfast and listened to Robin Redbreast, Tom decided to play hooky.

And before long off to the woods went the little artist, his sketch-book under his arm and his head full of dreams of the color and grace to be found in the forest. For the comfortable slopes of the little hills and the gracious woods, the waving grain on the meadows and the beautiful rivers and cliffs of the region around his home in Sudbury, in England, were to remain in the mind and heart of Gainsborough, the painter, all his life. He loved them from his earliest childhood, and they influenced all the landscapes he made when he became a great man. He learned at home that the secret of color and the secret of form was in the growing things.

He was not very happy in his stolen holiday,

however, for his conscience pricked him terribly, just as your conscience would. But he made the most of it, nevertheless, and his pencil moved busily all the day.

When he returned home at night he faced a very stern father. For Mr. Gainsborough had called for his son at school and found that he had not been there.

"And what did you do with yourself all the day?" he asked. He had never known of his son's talents.

Imagine his surprise when the boy produced the graceful drawings of gnarled oaks and clumps of poplars, with their arms lifted in prayer, and jolly little brooks and sunny woodland clearings! "Tom will be a genius," he said, when he told Mother about it, after the fitting punishment.

This was the first time his parents learned of Tommy's gifts.

But they immediately set about encouraging them. One day something happened to increase their pleasure in his drawing. Mrs. Gainsborough had a beautiful pear tree in the garden. She was very proud of it and of the golden fruit it bore. But this summer the ripe pears were stolen every morning. No one knew who the culprit could be.

On another morning that was a thrill with the summer, Tommy awoke and, looking out, decided to hurry outside and draw a clump of blackberry bushes while they glittered with the dew. He was sitting nearly hidden, when



he noticed a strange face looking longingly over the fence at the pear tree. It was not a pleasant face, but the countenance of a petty thief, with lean unshaven cheeks and receding chin and forehead. With the keen observation which his biographer, George W. Fulcher, tells us distinguished Tommy as a child, the small artist rapidly made a sketch of the face peering over the vines and fence. When the intruder climbed over and went directly toward his mother's pear tree, however, Tom made a great noise and frightened the tramp away.

Great was the excitement of his father and mother when Tom displayed the sketch and told the story at breakfast. Still greater was the wonder of the judge when Mr. Gainsborough told him the story of the attempted theft, corroborated by the portrait, which he recognized instantly. The man had been brought up before as an undesirable character, and he was now able to order him out of the community.

This was the first time that much merit was recognized in Tommy's pictures of people. He was very proud of it, and made a real painting of it later and called it "Tom Pear-tree's Portrait." His father bought him a handsome new sketchbook and began to talk with his friends about sending his son to London.

Tommy Gainsborough was born in the town

of Sudbury, in Suffolk, England, in the year 1727, about ten years after the first of the French and Indian Wars in our country. His father was a clothier and a kind, lovable man. He often suffered because he would not insist upon his debtors paying him, when they were under difficulties, and he was remarkably considerate of his employees. Like his father the artist had a great heart,

a generous sympathy and also a choleric temper, which often made him unhappy. It once unreasonably provoked a quarrel with his great painter-friend, Sir Joshua Reynolds, which lasted for years.

Tom's mother liked to draw, too. She was no mean artist and drew flowers very beautifully. The sight of her copying lovely things was the first glimpse young Gainsborough had of the wondrous possibilities in the magic pursuit

of beauty. His mother was delighted when she found the boy could draw and encouraged him heartily.

The house in which Gainsborough was born was an old inn with pointed gables and uneven walls, and the village was full of many other houses as quaint. The crooked streets and queer gargoyles were very exciting to the lad's fancy, and nothing was too ugly or unkempt to be interesting.

Now, just at this time, there had been no great artists or schools of art in England. Gainsborough grew up into the period when

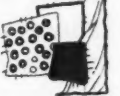




THE DAY MENDERS

By T. C. O'DONNELL

Author of *The Sandman's Brother*, *Ann's Half Birthday*, *The Ladder of Rickety Rungs*, etc.



IT WAS quite a long time ago. It was not so long ago as "once upon a time," but it was longer ago than just yesterday.

Dorothea and Alfred were twins. I

may as well tell you that at the start. They were twins, and made the days very happy for their mamma; only sometimes, I am sorry to tell you, Dorothea wished she never had to go to school, because she never could get her numbers right. Half the time she could not remember whether plus meant minus or whether minus meant plus.

More than once when she started to school she would start to cry, and then Alfred would say, "Don't cry, Dorothea, for it will spoil Mamma's whole day." And it would, too.

One time when Alfred said that, Dorothea replied, "Oh, you can't spoil days. Days don't spoil." And that very night, when they sat on the floor in front of the big fire,

a little man with a huge bag of sand over his shoulder came out of the chimney and sprinkled the sand into their eyes, and as he did so, they fell asleep for it was the sleep-sand which was in the bag. They awakened in a strange deep cave down under the ground. They were in the Grotto of Mended Days.

About the Grotto were any number of

little men—I suppose there were a hundred of them, sitting at small tables before candles that flickered before the soft winds that floated through the room in puffs and bent



low over needles that gleamed in the candle light as they plied to and fro.

The two children paused in front of one of the little men. He was a man who worked twice as fast as the others and who never looked up when Alfred asked,

"Please, sir, can you tell Dorothea and me where we have come to?"

And the little old man went right on with his sewing, for he was at work upon a beautiful piece of purple cloth that looked like silk. He did not pause with his needle, as he replied,

"It is the Grotto of Mended Days. It is where the Days that get spoiled are made over as good as new. Most folks, you are to know, just don't know how to take care of Days. We send a Day out from here that hasn't a cloud in the sky of it; we send birds along with it to make it beautiful and purple mists to hang under the trees and gold for the afternoon skies. And how does the Day come back to us?"

The little old man did not raise his head all the while, and Alfred said he did not know how the Day came back.

"Well I'll tell you how," said the man. "It comes back faded of the purple and the gold and the bird songs; and night clouds have blown into it and given it a soiling, and here we take that Day and make a new Day of it. A bright and clean new Day."

And now the little man looked up for the first time, as he looked straight into the eyes of the children gathered about him. "See this ugly tear in the Day I'm working on?" And he held up the beautiful purple stuff he was sewing on.

"Well," he went on, "that was caused by a boy who teased his little sister until she cried. And this soiled spot is where a little girl pouted because her mamma would not

let her have candy all day long. And here is a tear that was caused when a little girl"—and here he looked very straight and steadily at Dorothea—"here is a tear that was caused when a little girl cried because she had to go to school."

"Did she have a bad time with her numbers?" asked Dorothea.

The old man replied that numbers was one thing that the little girl could not get at school.

"But Friday," the old man said, "gives us most trouble of all the days. It is hard to get men who know how to mend the Fridays, too. Somehow, folks have more trouble on Fridays, and those days come back to us in a bad way, so that there are only a few of our little men who are skillful enough to mend them. We never get all caught up on the soiled Fridays, and more than once we have had to send one that was not all mended, and then things *would* happen. A Friday like that would come back so tattered and





PUZZLE—FIND THE FISH

HELEN HUDSON

A JOYFUL day it is for us,
Tommy and Richard and me,
For our friend Bill Jones is taking us
Where the biggest fish may be.

If it should be our luck to catch
The fish Bill tells about,
I really do not see quite how
We'd ever haul him out!



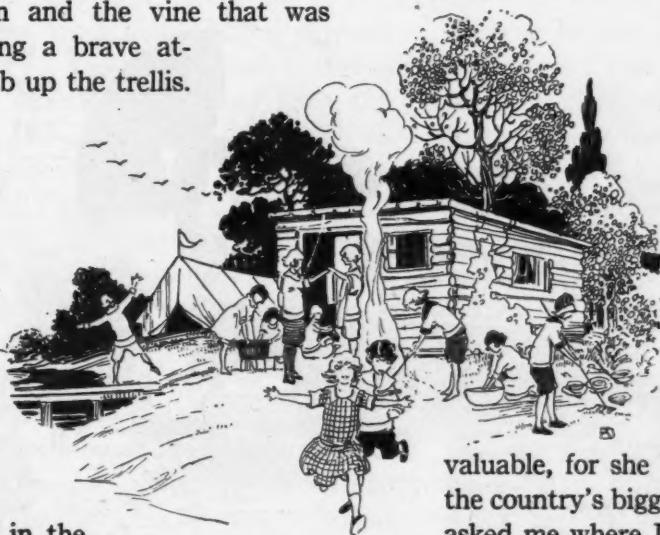
LIFE LINE RELAY RACE

By Dr. EMMETT DUNN ANGELL—*The Play Man*

A GREAT many things had happened to make the summer most eventful.

When the first warm days came Toppo had organized the boys into a work squad and with Jack and Bert in charge of two gangs they had done wonders at Pine Lake. They repaired the shack that had been such a comfortable shelter for the winter skating parties, and a pier with a fine springboard had been built out into the lake. The girls were not idle and it was due to their clever hands that the shack had curtained windows and painted walls. They were also proud of the garden and the vine that was already making a brave attempt to climb up the trellis.

But the most exciting of all the created things was the canoe, for every boy and girl had done some of the work that resulted in the finished craft of slender beauty. And today it would be launched. This very day!



"Gee, I'm glad that I came here for my vacation!" had been Billy Foster's satisfied comment when the last coat of paint had been put on the canoe.

"Is it as good as New York?" asked his cousin Jack who couldn't quite understand how one who had seen the Statue of Liberty, Brooklyn Bridge and similar wonders every day should be so pleased with his little village.

"As good as New York? Well, I should say so! Just think of all the things we have done this summer. I've learned to swim and to dive and to build things, and how to catch fish. And then, too, if I was in New York I wouldn't know Toppo—and I guess a boy could be in New York all his life and not know a famous circus clown—and learn all kinds of games. Gee whiz, New York isn't half as good as here!"

"I think Billy is right," agreed Phyllis Rockly, whose opinion was equally valuable, for she like Billy was a resident of the country's biggest city, "and when Mother asked me where I wanted to spend the summer I told her that I would rather go to Granddad's than any place in the world."

It really had been a perfect summer. Toppo, the world-famous clown, whose retirement from circus life had brought him to the village to live, had thought of the plan to make the shores of Pine Lake a playground for the children. The little lake was very beautiful and was only a half mile from the village. The beach in front of the shack sloped gradually into the water and the bottom was white sand. Every morning Jack, Bert, Carol, Elizabeth and Mary Emily would meet the other children of the village at the shack and begin the work of the day. It was all planned out and for two hours hammers and saws, hoes, rakes and paintbrushes would be busily employed. At eleven o'clock Toppo would appear and after an inspection of their work and suggestions for the next day he would have his little friends line up. Then with a "1-2-3-Go!" the boys would rush to the tent that Billy had brought and presented to the camp and the girls would race to the shack and dress for swimming. With the same thoroughness that Toppo in his circus days had taught acrobats he coached the youngsters in their swimming. And now every single one of them was a splendid little "water dog." Perhaps the canoe had something to do with their speed

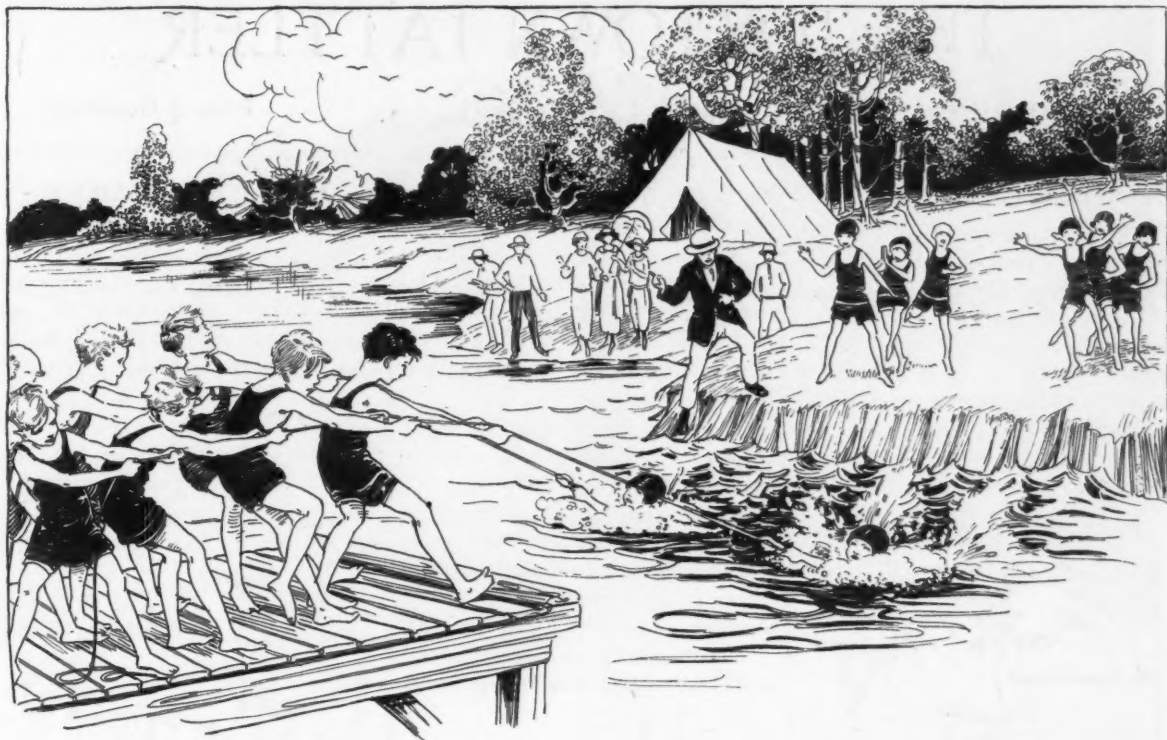
ones privileged to sit in it or swing a paddle would be those who passed the swimming test. It was a real test for it meant the ability to swim fifty feet, swim on the back, dive from the end of the pier and bring up a stone and to swim twenty-five feet under water.

This was the big day, for the children were to show the results of their work and skill in the water, and their parents were invited guests. Children are often suspected of having a lot of curiosity but it is very certain that the parents who came down the winding path to Pine Lake were just as curious as any children could be. For a month they had been hearing about the progress of the work and now, as invited guests, they were to see for themselves. It was a happy throng that greeted them and the hosts were not a bit more proud than the delighted fathers and mothers who saw how usefully their children had spent the summer. But the big surprise came when Toppo lined up his troop and with a "1-2-3-Go!" hustled them to tent and shack to prepare for the swimming exhibition.

Mary Emily's mother was almost frightened out of her wits when she saw her midget daughter run to the end of the pier and



in learning, for Toppo had told them when it was in process of construction that the only



dive into the water, and she was not the only fond parent to suffer from a similar alarm. But when they saw their youngsters bobbing around in the water with the poise of ducklings their fear and astonishment changed to delight and they applauded as vigorously as the most enthusiastic audience would at the most wonderful play.

After ten minutes of swimming and diving Toppo called his happy band to the shore and arranged them for the special event that was to determine which group would have the first ride in the canoe. He selected two teams and on each team were four boys and four girls. On a little point of land directly opposite the pier, and only fifty feet from it, Toppo had all of the girls stand while the two teams of boys were sent to the pier. Jack was captain of one team and Bert captained the other. Toppo gave each of the two leaders a long strand of clothesline. He then turned to the interested spectators and explained the game.

"We are now to have a race," Toppo explained. "It is called the Life Line Relay Race. There are eight swimmers on each team and you see that Bert and Jack each

hold the end of a piece of rope. When I say 'Go' they will dive into the water carrying the rope across to where the girls are. The boys on the pier will play out the rope as their leaders swim across. As soon as a swimmer gets across he will climb out of the water and hand the rope to the first girl of his team who will dive into the water and the boys on the pier will pull her there as fast as they can. As soon as they haul her out of the water, boy number two will swim across with the rope and girl number two will be pulled back to the pier. The race ends when all of the boys of one team are on the bank and the girls have reached the pier. Of course each girl when she reaches the pier will help pull on the rope to get the others there."

It was a close race, for the boys were pretty evenly matched as swimmers. How they did tear through the water! But for real speed the trip back to the pier was so fast that the girls churned up spray like a motor boat. Half of the return trip was under water but that didn't bother the little water rats. It was an even race right up to the last, but as Jack was fortunate in having slender Mary Emily for the last of the girls

(Continued on page 536)

THE TOYTOWN TATTLER

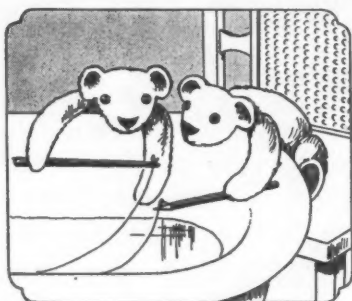
By Alfred Wideman



Price 4 Gumdrops

TEDDY BEARS GO FISHING

Yesterday was very warm in Toy-town, so warm that two Teddy Bears, named Binx and Jinx, decided to go fishing. Binx had heard the sound of running water somewhere in the large apartment in which the bears live, and had set out to find the location. Soon he came rushing in with the thrilling news that someone had filled the



bathtub with beautiful clear water, and that there were great possibilities of catching some wonderful fish in it.

The two bears crawled all over the carpet, searching for pins. At last two sharp ones were found, and, after strenuous efforts, were finally bent to the proper angle and tied to the ends of two long pieces of thread. Binx used a pencil as a fishpole, and Jinx secured a red penholder.

At last the preparations were complete, and the two Teddies hurried off, arm in arm, to fish in the huge white bathtub. They climbed to the seat of a chair which stood beside the tub, and threw their lines into the deep water.

"Wow!" screamed Jinx hoarsely. "I have a whale already!" He hauled in his thread with great difficulty, only to find a huge bath sponge on his hook.

"Oh, well," he laughed, "I can sit on the sponge and see better because I'll be higher up." With that remark he sat on the big wet sponge, but his weight squeezed all

the water from it, and he was no higher than before.

"Oh!" screamed Binx. "I have a shark!" And when he pulled his thread in, what do you suppose he had? Half a cake of soap!

"Look," shouted Jinx, "the water's all gone!"

"You silly bear," snapped Binx, "you got so excited over your whale that you pulled out the plug!"

Just at that point Jinx grabbed Binx by the ear, and both bears lost their balance and fell into the empty tub. Their little daddy had to come in and lift them out.

"Next time I'll go fishing alone," said Binx to Jinx and Jinx to Binx.

TEDDIES HELP IN CANDY PULL

Did your mamma ever make taffy candy and let you help to pull it, so that it would become hard enough to eat? Little Mary Miner's mamma made a pan of delicious molasses taffy one morning. As she and little Mary started to pull the long strands of candy, Mary's mamma had to leave the kitchen. In a minute, Mary heard a wild scampering through the hall, and her four little Teddy Bears bounced through the door.

"Where's the candy?" screamed the Teddies. "We'll help you pull it!"

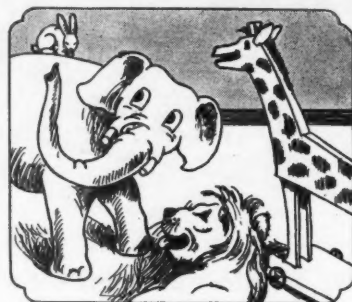
"All right, come on!" laughed little Mary, sitting on the floor and taking some taffy from the pan. The bears grasped one end of the candy lump and pulled. They grunted and pulled and pulled and grunted, until suddenly the stretching taffy parted in the middle, and the four bears fell over backwards into the pan of soft candy.

Well, it took a week to get the taffy out of the fur of the four little bears, but you can bet that little Mary ate what was left in the pan, just as if nothing had happened.

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN NOAH'S ARK

Did you hear all the grunting and squealing last night among the animals in Noah's Ark? If you were puzzled as to the cause, listen closely and we will tell you what it was all about.

It seems that old Noah had locked up for the night, and as usual was counting the animals.



There was great confusion when the little white bunny could not be found. Old Noah rushed about the Ark questioning all the animals, but not one had seen the bunny.

Suddenly the long-necked giraffe gave a hearty laugh and yelled "Look!" Every one followed his gaze, and where do you suppose the bunny was? Sound asleep on top of the elephant's back. Not even the old elephant knew he was there. We think the giraffe must have boosted him up, don't you?

WALKING HAT MYSTERY

Yesterday morning little Mabel Minks returned to her home after having been to the store for her mamma. Mabel removed her hat and placed it on a chair so near to the edge that it fell to the floor; but, unlike well-behaved hats, it began to walk across the rug. Mabel was quite surprised until the hat was overturned, disclosing her little dolly.

"Your bonnet fell on me, mamma!" laughed the little doll. "I tried to walk away with it, but I tripped on the lining. Hee-hee!"



Safeguard your children's health with the sanitary soap!



Smell the real naptha
in Fels-Naptha

Wash baby's diapers with Fels-Naptha Soap. Soap! Soak! Easily and thoroughly cleansed with the least possible handling. The real naptha and soap together quickly do the work. And the fabric is left soft—soothing to the tender skin.



The original and genuine naptha soap,
in the red-and-green wrapper. Buy it
in the convenient, ten-bar carton.

Their little clothes get so dirty! And dirt breeds germs. They need the deeper cleansing of Fels-Naptha Soap to rout the dirt completely, and make them *hygienically* clean. When you realize the close relation of clean clothes to health, you will never be satisfied with less thorough cleaning.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha weaves in and out of every thread. It dissolves the body oils and perspiration that hold dirt fast to clothes. It acts gently by soaking. Then the dirt lets go quickly, and the sudsy water sweeps it away. Only extremely soiled places need a light rubbing.

Fels-Naptha is safe—for both clothes and hands. Woolens washed with Fels-Naptha are cleansed through and through, and made soft and fluffy.

Fels-Naptha is more than soap. It is more than soap and naptha. It is *splendid* soap and *real* naptha so blended that it gives you the best of these two great cleaners at the same time, in one golden, sanitary bar. Get Fels-Naptha at your grocer's today!

Give your home the benefit of *Fels-Naptha Cleanliness*.

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The Child Who Won the Hearts of All

A true-life story, showing how a woman successfully dealt with the responsibilities of motherhood and brought up a child whom everyone admired.

A BEAUTIFUL and wonderful experience it was to see the growing up of little Judith. The pinky, chubby tot with her gurgles of delight tugged at the heart-strings of everyone who saw her.

As babyhood grew into girlhood, all the lovable traits and good qualities which parents hope their children will have seemed to be combined in little Judith.

The joy of it all was the mother's friends were as completely captivated by the charm of Judith as was the mother herself.

One bright day, while taking my morning walk in the park, I found Judith and her mother playing hide-and-seek. Judith's mother and I sat down on the grass for a visit—and Judith played around.

We talked about the child. As I watched her playing around I thought of the tremendous responsibility of the mother. I asked her how she had met it. And this is what she told me:

"When Judith was born, my first feeling was one of utter helplessness. I knew nothing about caring for a child. I was afraid that I might do the wrong thing. I wondered if other mothers had had that same haunting fear for their child's welfare.

"Never shall I forget the day when my helplessness overwhelmed me. Judith was just old enough to begin to notice things and to ask questions.

"I had corrected her for striking me in the face with a ball. I went to get the ball and had my back to her for a moment. As I turned around, there was Judith, in an attitude of defiance, making, a face at me!

"For a moment I couldn't move nor speak. Was it possible that Judith didn't love me and had lost confidence in me?

"For days I struggled with the problem. I realized that something had to be done, and done quickly.

"By good fortune I learned of the Parents' Association, formed for the purpose of giving the very information I was seeking. I wrote and

learned about the new method of Child Training prepared by Professor Beery, President of the Association.

"The help I immediately received came as a revelation to me.

"From that day on my whole method of dealing with Judith was changed. Methods I had been using were entirely wrong—my heart was torn with remorse. Was it possible that I had been guilty of a terrible injustice to Judith—that through ignorance I had deliberately destroyed the best in her character and had fostered bad habits and tendencies that might always remain with her.

"Professor Beery's new method explained how best to overcome the faults of early training.

"These revelations gave me a most wonderful feeling of confidence. I learned how to control Judith—to break naughty little habits just taking root, and to nourish the sweet ways which everyone loved. I give full credit to The Parents' Association and its remarkable new method."

Fulfilling the Sacred Trust of Parenthood

THERE is no greater responsibility in the world than that of being a parent. A child is what its parents make it. Heredity, environment and education all count, it's true. But all these points are as nothing compared with the right training in a child's tender and flexible years.

To love and cherish one's children is the joy of parenthood. But something more than love is due a child. And this is the right training—training that builds sturdy health of body, fineness of mind, nobility of character.

Today the Parents' Association is bringing a great constructive help to 30,000 members in the attainment of this high ideal of parenthood.

To know that the training you are giving your children will bring forth the finest and noblest in their character—to be sure that you are fitting them for the highest success in life—to be proud of them and to know that they are proud of you, that their hearts will be filled with gratitude for the advantages you have given them—that is what The Parents' Association may



mean to you as a parent, as it has to so many others.

Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the cause of disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. This new method removes the cause—not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and cooperation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to apply instantly—whether the child is still in the cradle or is eighteen years old.

It does not deal in generalities. It shows by concrete illustrations and detailed explanations exactly how to meet every emergency.

A New Method Built on the True Child Nature

THE Parents' Association devoted to scientific child training was founded by Professor Ray C. Beery, A.B., M.A. (Harvard and Columbia), after years of scientific research and practical experience in child training. Professor Beery is regarded as one of the greatest authorities on child training.

And because his method is founded on a sound, basic truth, it is simplicity itself. It makes it easier to have your children all that you desire them to be—obedient, unselfish, well-bred, and truthful rather than disobedient, selfish, rude, disrespectful, secretive and untruthful.

Bringing up children need no longer be a trial, but a supreme pleasure—a beautiful experience in which the parent shares every confidence, every joy and sorrow of the child, and at the same time has its unqualified respect.

Send No Money

We shall be glad to send you free of charge our new booklet "New Methods in Child Training," together with full particulars of the work of the Association and the special benefits it offers to members at an expense which is trifling as compared with the remarkable results to be secured.

For the sake of your children, and for your own sake, write for this free booklet now—before you lay this magazine aside.

If this booklet answers only a few of the questions that have perplexed you, you will be glad that you sent for it—and it may open to you undreamed of possibilities of successful parenthood. And it is only a matter of sending the coupon or a post card.



THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION, Inc.
Dept. 968 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

FREE BOOK COUPON

THE PARENTS' ASSOCIATION
Dept. 968, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

Please send me your booklet "New Methods in Child Training," and information about The Parents' Association, free of charge. This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

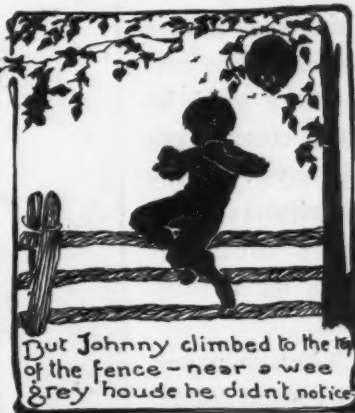
WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW HOW—

to obtain cheerful obedience
to correct mistakes of early training?
to keep child from crying?
to suppress temper in children without punishment?
to succeed with child of any age without display of authority?
to discourage the "Why" habit in regard to commands?
to prevent quarreling and fighting?
to cure impertinence?
Disrespect? Sauciness?
to teach unselfishness?
Carefulness? Fairness?
to teach child self-control?
to cure a child of the habit of whining?
to keep a boy at home in the evening?
to cure a child of saying "I don't want to"?
to teach a child to go willingly to bed?
to treat a child who laughs at commands?
to overcome obstinacy?
to cultivate mental concentration?
to teach honesty and truthfulness?
These are only a few of many questions explained in a way that makes application of the principles involved easy.



THE JOLLY J'S.

BY HELENE NYCE.



ELEPHANT, JUNIOR.

By EDYTH EUSTACE

MOTHER said, "Hirrumph," and I stood up and began to brush the dew off my fur coat. I call it a fur coat, but it is really more like woolly hair. Mother has no hair, except at the end of her tail, and I don't think that is very much use to her.

Mine will be soon coming off, she says. Baby elephants only want their fur coats for a short time.

Then Mother got up and rocked to and fro, while she found out the direction of the wind with the end of her trunk.

Presently she found it, and we walked off very quietly with the wind blowing in our faces.

I can walk more quietly than any other jungle junior. Though my feet are so big, they are not clumsy and Mother has taught me I must never break a twig.

I had had my breakfast, but when Mother dug up a lily root I ate a piece and did not like it. So I took it out of my mouth and threw it in the air, and it came down on my back and stayed there a long while.

Mother ate some leaves and a bunch of

grass; the parts she did not like she rolled up into a little bundle and threw away. One of these I picked up to play with, and there was a thorn in it which pricked me. I squealed

and Mother ran her trunk all over me to find out where I was hurt; she found the thorn and pulled it out, then she comforted me.

Presently we came to a clearing in the forest. Mother wanted to cross over because Father was in the bushes on the other side, making his toilet; but I was afraid. She took hold of my ear, but I would not move; then she put her trunk round me, and lifted me from the ground. I held on to one of her ears (Mother has the very largest ears in all the world,

after Father), and she carried me across the sunny patch to where Father was standing under his rubbing-tree. His back and sides were all covered with dried mud, which he was scraping and scratching off against the tree. There was no bark on the tree—it had been all rubbed off—and Father was feeling all over to find a nice rough spot.



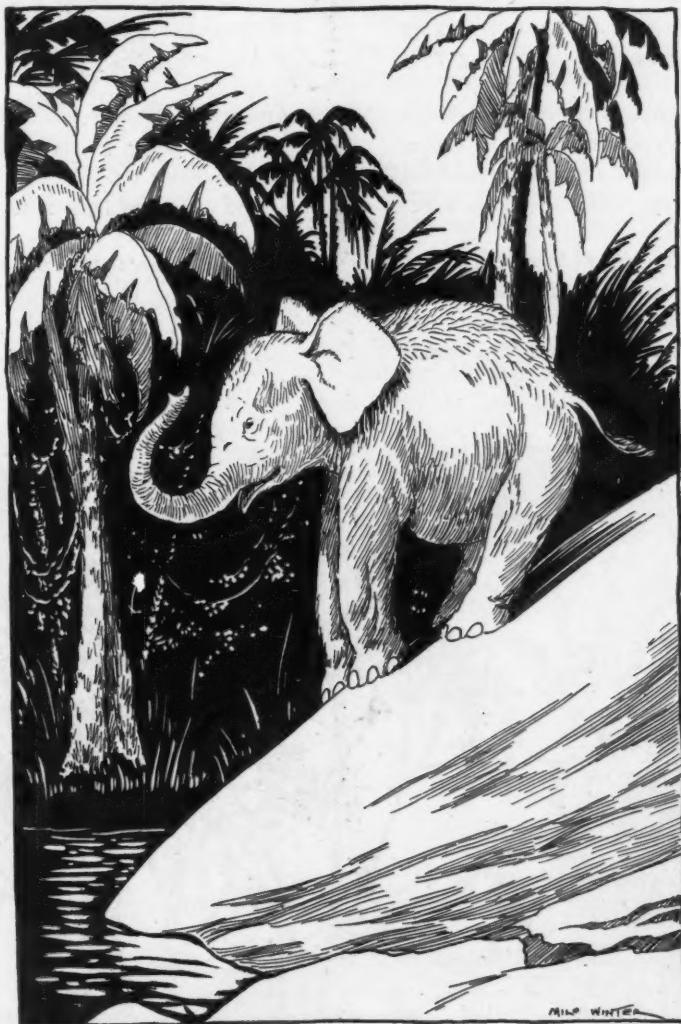


We went up to him, and Mother twined her trunk round his. I took hold of his tail and pulled it. The tail gave a little shake, and one of the thick hairs at the end went in my eye. I squealed and Mother came at once and felt me all over again. She did not find anything the matter this time, so she gave me a smack with her trunk; again I squealed and went and stood under Father's waistcoat.

I did not like the ground under the rubbing-tree; it was as hard as a stone, so I went for a walk. Seba the porcupine was a little way on ahead, and as he went he dropped a quill; I was picking a white flower off a bush and did not see it until too late. Then I roared and squealed and blew my trumpet for the first time.

Mother blew her trumpet and came very quickly but very softly. She examined me all over again and pulled out the porcupine quill, and we went back to Father. But I can't stand still, and rock from side to side all day like the grown-ups; so presently I came to a high bank, with water and mud at the bottom and jungle at the other side of the mud.

There was a very big and sloping stone on the bank, and I stood on the edge, waving my trunk. Suddenly my front feet slipped, and I slid down the stone into the muddy spruit. Mother and Father both trumpeted and came sliding down the stone after me.



After Mother had looked to see if I was hurt, they both walked up the bank again and came down the slide once more. No wonder that stone slide was slippery! I think they are too big to play such a game, but my uncles and aunts do it, too.

Then the sun became very hot, and Father and Mother wanted to go into the jungle to shelter during the heat of the day. But I wished to play in the mud and water and Mother had to drive me into the bush.

So, of course, I had to obey Mother and stay in the bush, when all that nice mud and water was just waiting to be played in. Mother was very cross with me, and Father said that she ought to let me do as I wished and then I'd see. But Mother answered that she loved me too much and that Father should be ashamed. Aren't grown-ups quaint?

THE PICNIC

MARJORIE BARROWS

IT WAS the grandest picnic place—
It made me want to sing,
For it had sand and hills and trees
And a lake and everything!

So we waded in the water
And we coasted down the dunes
And we *thought* we heard a mermaid
Hum some lonesome little tunes.

Then we dug for hidden treasure
In a cavern dark and deep
Till we found a turtle baby
That was pretty sound asleep.

Then all of us were kings and queens
And witches, 'cepting Frank
Who played he was a pirate
And made dolly walk the plank.

And after I had rescued her
We sat down in the shade
And had our chicken sandwiches
And cake and lemonade.

We didn't leave until we saw
The sunset in the sky
And then I pretty nearly heard
A mermaid say good-by!



The Baby Show

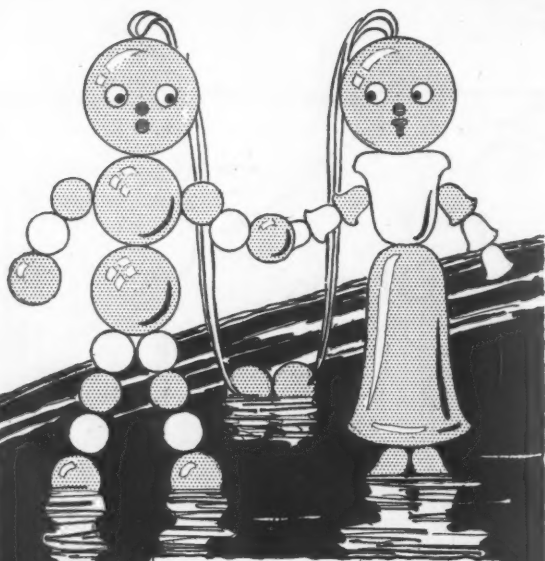
Nettie V. Moren

THE children had a baby show;
Their dollies large and small
They brought and set up in a row
Against the garden wall.

The judges looked them over well;
They found a twisted arm,
A missing leg, a broken nose;
Each one had come to harm.



They talked it over for a while
And then they gave the prize
To Rosabelle, for she could shut
And open her blue eyes.





The Tinker Toys a'swimming go

AT THE bathing beach Tom and Belle Tinker play at wading and swimming. Their bright colors won't come off. For all around good fun Brother and Sister cannot find better playmates than the Tinker Toys. There's Tilly, the toe dancing girl; Whirly, who spins and whirls faster than you can say his name; Tinker Jump Rope, and oh! so many others that we can't tell you all their names here. We have a little folder, though, that shows a picture of every toy—a little jingle folder that you will enjoy. Send for it today.

 **THE TOY
TINKERS** 
EVANSTON, ILLINOIS



WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

By RUTH BRADFORD

Number III

PEOPLE who have just been introduced to me say that I look as though I were always up to some mischief. And people who know me best say that I live up to my looks. My eyes are big and black and sharp. My wide triangle-shaped ears are almost always pricked up. And my long nose likes to pry into things and find out just what's what. So do my wide little hands with four fingers and thumb tipped with strong sharp claws, (inside I have black kid-like palms!) That line running up my forehead makes me look anxious. Well, I am. There are so many things to attend to.

First of all, there's eating. Although I like corn and berries and other fruits, I am no vegetarian. I like to eat chickens and little birds and turtle eggs and oysters and snakes. Of course I find my own dinners. I'm a good fisherman (I sit on the shore and catch fish with my hands), and, if I do say so, I'm clever at catching frogs. I'm very clean, too. I always wash my meat before I eat it and often wash my feet after my meals.

I not only have to hunt and eat and wash and watch out for my enemies (I tell you, dogs are no friends of mine!) but I have to get plenty of sleep. That's important. I sleep all winter long curled up in a hollow tree with some of my closest relatives. And in the spring and summer and early fall, why, I sleep daytimes, cuddled up in the fork of some tree with my nose between my paws and my handsome bushy tail curled about me.

I was born with my brother and sister a year ago last April. Mother says we were blind and helpless at first, but we soon got over that. Our family live together for a whole year in a hollow tree or a cave in a ledge near some water (we simply have to wash our meat!). After the first year, though, the family separate and we young folks start housekeeping for ourselves.

Have you guessed my name yet? Here's a few more hints. I am two feet long—three feet if you count my tail. I am a relative of the bear (my scientific name is *PROCYON LOTOR*). I have a quavery, whimpering cry and my foot prints are just like yours—only lots smaller.

WHO'S WHO *in the* ZOO

Conducted by RUTH BRADFORD



MILD WINTER

NUMBER THREE

Dear Children: Read about me on the preceding page, **guess my name and color me in my really truly colors.** Then send me before August 15 to Ruth Bradford, CHILD LIFE, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill. Be sure and

send your name and age and address with your page.

The best page and answer by a girl wins a prize, and so does the best page and answer by a boy. The boys and girls who do the next-best pages and answers are listed on our Honor Roll.



Develop the Power of Observation in Your Child

DURING the Summer months your child will be out-of-doors more than usual. He will be surrounded by flowers, trees, birds, and all that go to make up nature at its best.

This period is your best opportunity to teach him of these things—to teach him to observe everything large and small in the world about him. The ideal way to do this is to let him draw pictures of the things he sees, and to make it more real to him colors should be used.

The desire to create is always present in a child. He feels that he is really doing something. He has a certain air of importance about his work, the pride of accomplishment.

Give him a box of "Crayola" Crayons. The Rubens Box, No. 24, with twenty-four different colored crayons costs only thirty cents. Give him this Rubens Box, a pad, and just enough suggestions to start him along the line you wish him to follow. You will be helping him to develop his power of observation, his appreciation of color, his knowledge of form and proportion, as well as his independence and originality.

You will find "Crayola" Crayons in the stationery, drug or department store which you usually patronize. If you do not, write us and we will mail them to you direct.

BINNEY & SMITH CO.

41 EAST 42nd ST.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

TRADE MARK
CRAYOLA

Fables in Fabric

By Ruby Short McKim

THE FABLE

TWO lovely big green frogs, with light yellow vests just alike, had lived all summer in the same pool. But the hot summer days with not a cloud in the sky, had dried up their home and they had to hunt a new place to live. By chance they came across a deep well, filled with water and very inviting. It looked cool and quiet and one of the frogs was very much excited over the prospect of having it for a home. He said, "Let us hop in and make our home in this fine well; it will furnish us with both shelter and food." The other frog, who was very cautious, and had more experience, shook his head—and that meant his body too—and said, "But suppose the water should dry up, how can we get out again from so great a depth?" And the older frog shook his head again, this time most decidedly.

He was a wise frog. Better look before you leap.

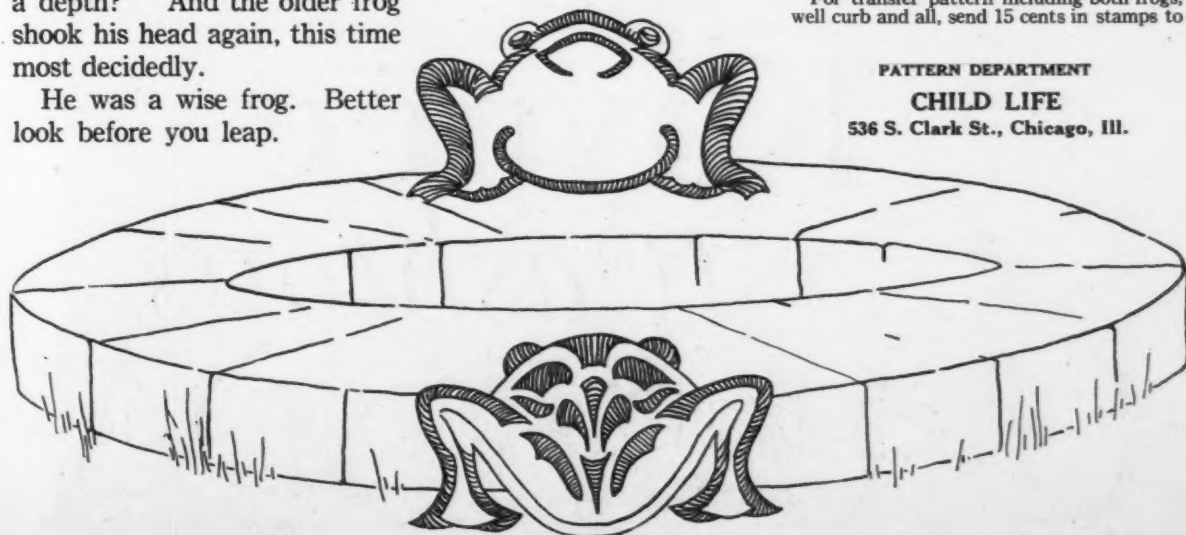


the back folds up and buttons, as shown in the little sketch.

The garments go into the well, which may be either stamped directly onto the bag or a contrasting applique patch that finishes the opening. The froggies, front and back, are stamped on yellow, or unbleached muslin, and all the edges and spots embroidered in coarse green floss.

For transfer pattern including both frogs, well curb and all, send 15 cents in stamps to

PATTERN DEPARTMENT
CHILD LIFE
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.





Every
one
notices
him

How quickly you would notice him—that sturdy little son of yours—if he belonged to some one else! No matter how play-rumpled his clothes, you could tell instantly the kind of care he had, the degree of pride his mother took in his appearance.

Such a pity if your small boy should give a wrong impression, just because you failed to pick the right clothes. It's really so simple to find them. Just ask for Kaynee Washtogs. They make him look as you want him to—give him a little air that every one notices.

Why? Because everything about Kaynee Washtogs is of the very best. They are cut to fit his little body trimly, to set off to best advantage his strong, straight

little figure. They give him plenty of room to stoop and twist and reach, without strain at wrist or waist or armhole. They come seldom to the mending basket. Buttons are on to stay—seams staunchly stitched to prevent ripping in the rough and tumble of play—the whole garment strengthened wherever strain comes.

Quite a comfort this, for a mother with a heaped-up sewing basket. Quite a comfort, too, to know that no matter how soiled or mudstained they are, Kaynee Washtogs come out of the tub with colors bright and fresh as only absolutely fast colors can. If you don't know where to find these better, longer-wearing clothes, write for the nearest dealer's name.

THE KAYNEE COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio

Kaynee Washtogs

Salespeople in the stores know what you want if you ask for "the suits that last so much longer." But it saves time to say KAY-NEE and to identify the garment by this label inside



GUARANTEED ABSOLUTELY FAST COLOR

GAINSBOROUGH, THE TRUANT PAINTER

(Continued from page 509)

England began producing her great painters (ever so much later than other countries in Europe). He was one of the very first of England's great artists.

When his father sent him to London there was no truly good teacher in all that city, and the boy studied under Hayman, who was considered the best historical painter in the country. Hayman was neither a good artist nor a good man, and his work was coarse and clumsy. Tommy learned very little of value in London and, after three years, decided that his teacher was useless to him. He concluded that he would work himself, just as he pleased.

He had learned the lesson of independence so well that he went ahead fearlessly. It was not long before his genius became recognized. But because he knew nothing of other artists, or the work they had done before him, he had to work very hard himself to find out all the technical points of his art.

Genius, he discovered, may exist, but it is only by hard work and practice that very great things may be done. All the flowers he learned to draw from his mother, and all the scenes and thoughts of his Sudbury boyhood, all the colors in the sky and land, he had to work very hard in order to put on canvas.

But when he had learned! Kings and princesses clamored to have him make their portraits, and he was everywhere acclaimed a great man. The memory of his happy boyhood was always with him, and you have his love of it in the picture of the "Blue Boy," in your own schoolroom.



THE DAY MENDERS

(Continued from page 511)

soiled that we would have to throw it away entirely."

Dorothea said, "I wish I could mend the Days." The old man did not speak, so she said again, "But maybe it would be better to try to keep from soiling and tearing them and to keep them nice and fresh."

And the old man said he thought so, too.

"And I think so, too," said Mamma, when Dorothea told her about it next morning.



*Mother, what are
you doing to protect
his skin?*

YOUR baby started life with a perfect skin. Surely you want to keep it that way. But do you realize that his little body, face and hands are infinitely delicate and that if you let the sensitive tissues become irritated it may cause eruptions.

The selection of his toilet soap should be made as carefully as his food. Be sure that it is *soothing* and *pure* as well as cleansing.

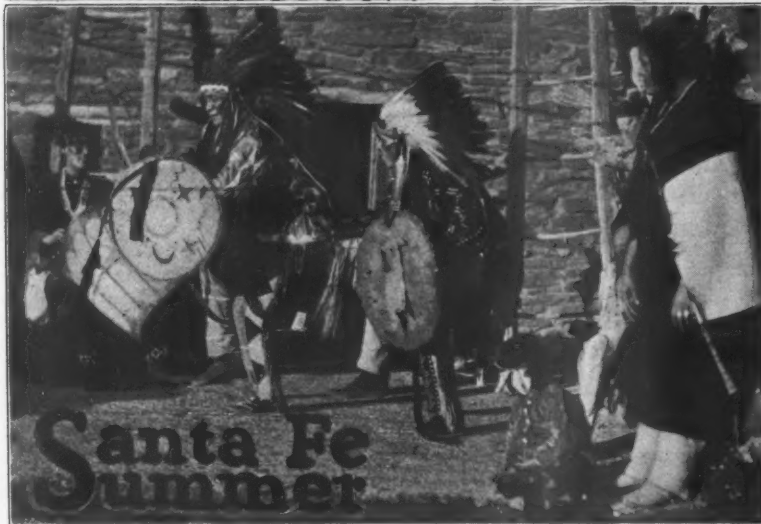
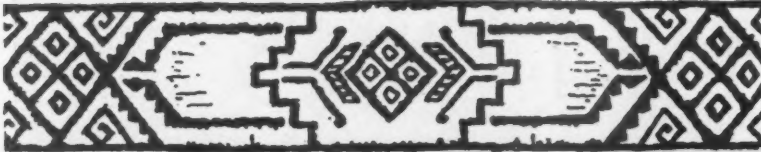
Resinol Soap protects the skin of childhood. Its purity and cleansing properties are unsurpassed. Yet it does more. The Resinol it contains helps it to build a healthy resistance to germ infection. Children bathed daily with Resinol Soap are less liable to suffer from rashes, chafing, eczema, etc.

Let us send you a sample cake free. You'll find it delightful for your own skin also. Write Dept. 3-P, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. Sold by all druggists and toilet goods dealers.

"Thousands of mothers prefer it to others"

**Resinol
Soap**





Xcursions

California Colorado,

- Grand Canyon National Park
- Yosemite & Big Trees
- Arizona and New Mexico Rockies
- 'Off the Beaten Path'

Unordinary
Out-West
Outings/



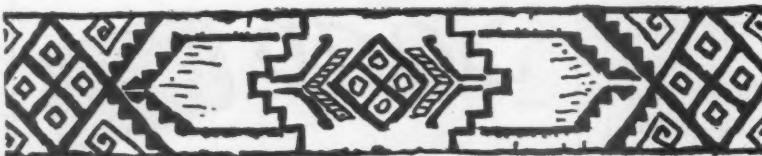
very low fares
Mail this

W. J. Black, Pass. Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines
1145 Railway Exch., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail to me following Santa Fe booklets:
(Mark with X those wanted)

California Picture Book
Grand Canyon Outings

Colorado Summer
Off the Beaten Path



INDOOR GAMES

Catch Me If You Can

GERTRUDE LEE CROUCH

THIS game calls for quite a large circle, so may be used at a party or in the school-room.

Form a circle of chairs, placing one in the center for the child who is "it." Willard, please be "it" this time and I will blindfold you. Every child sit down in the circle. Marjory, will you go around the circle whispering a number to every child. Now tell Willard how many numbers you have given. From one to twenty-six? Very well.

Willard, call out any two of the numbers—as three and ten. Children having those numbers must now try to exchange places *ever so quietly*. Mean-time Willard leaves his place, reaching out here and there trying to catch one of the two children. If he succeeds he takes the place of the child caught and that child must be blindfolded. Sometimes to make it very thrilling the child who is "it" may call out three or four numbers at a time or occasionally say, "All change."



SAUCY BUMBLEBEE

KATHERINE S. HAZZARD

OH, BUMBLEBEE, you dusty fellow!

"Out of my way!" you say, "make room;

That's pollen there—that dust so yellow.

'Tis I make the flowers bloom!

"I'll sting you if you try to stop me—Now stand aside—pray do, make way!

The hollyhocks are all unfolding,
Zizz,—this is my busy day!"

AT GRANDPA'S

(Continued from page 499)

that "buzz" sounded, now that they were all doing it together! "Let's sting her!" they seemed to be saying. Not during his entire visit to Coney Island had Grandpa been so scared as Patty was that minute.

But remember that Prince is a friend of man—and also of little girls—and that he had been watching at a distance. Now he dashed to her—just as you have seen the heroes in the movies do—and drove the bees away with a flourish of his handsome tail.

"You darling Prince," sobbed Patty as she buried her face in his tickly hair. "I know now just how poor Grandpa felt at Coney Island."

"But you're going to like the farm better than Coney Island, Babykins," laughed Grandpa who had come out just at that moment to take her into supper. "And you'll get on better with the animals when you get acquainted."

"But will they like me, Grandpa?" she asked.

"Sure thing!" he laughed as he swung her to his shoulder.

"It did some good—my chasing her," said Cud-chew. "She thought I really meant it," and the old cow moo-mooed a loud chuckle.

"She's a nice little girl," cluck-clucked Cackle, the hen, remembering that after all Patty had called her babies "sweet."

"I told you so!" bow-wow'd the dog.



ICE CREAM

HAZEL HALL

THEY eat it on a hot day
When the breeze has gone
Way behind the mountains
Where the mornings dawn,
Looking for a white cloud
To make the sun put on.

Hunt says that it is cooler
Than where the breezes play,
And Gene says it is whiter
Than white clouds far away.
They both say it is good to eat.
On a summer's day.

Picnic Days with Beech-Nut

Now's the time the girls and boys
Turn their thoughts to picnic joys.
Now's the time that Mother makes
Piles of sandwiches and cakes.
See the crusty loaves of bread—
See the jars with labels red—
Scoop the peanut butter out,
Beech-Nut Brand, without a doubt!



Then away to hills and brooks
Far from avenues and cooks.
Flavor though comes right along—
Flavor is the Beech-Nut song—
When the lunches are unpacked
Mouths are watered, that's a fact.
Beech-Nut Peanut Butter shows
Mother is the one who knows!



Gather close and I will tell
How the Beech-Nut people dwell
In a valley, fresh and clean,
Sky so blue and grass so green.
Beech-Nut Foods are fashioned there
Far from smoke and tainted air.
When you feast in wood or glen
Beech-Nut feels at home again!

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is a delicious sandwich filler by itself and also when combined with cream, honey, raisins and various other good things. In fact, Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is a basic sandwich food. Ask Mother to send for the new Beech-Nut Book, telling all about the uses of this delightful, golden-brown butter for stuffing prunes or dates, for macaroons, etc. She can get Beech-Nut Peanut Butter at the grocer's and the book from the Beech-Nut folks here at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley.

BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
Canajoharie, N. Y.





**"My new story book
is ready"**

Dear Children:-
If you like to travel, write at once for my latest story book, "Around the World with Little Miss Gage". In this fascinating tale, you, too, will travel around the world, and you will see the same curious lands and strange people that I saw. Also, you will find pictures of the latest hats for girls from 4 to 14, and directions on how to win a new fall hat in a coloring contest. Write me % Gage Brothers & Co., 19 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago.
Little Miss Gage

Mother and Sister

Write for a copy of Gage Chapeaux showing the new fall styles in trimmed hats for gentlewomen.

GAGE BROTHERS & CO.
19 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
385 Madison Ave., New York City

WHO'S WHO IN THE ZOO

JUNE COLOR CONTEST

SOLUTION

Dear Children: Yes, I am a salamander and my color is generally black spotted with yellow. Hundreds of you colored my picture very nicely and many of you guessed my real name. I was ever so pleased and so was Ruth Bradford. It was hard to choose which pictures were the very best.

WINNERS

MARGARET WENTWORTH, 1834 Yosemite Road, Berkeley, Calif., age 10.

LLOYD PHILIP HUNTER, Hudson, Ohio, age 7.

THE HONOR ROLL

Grace King, Francise Clow, Martha Ellis, Mary Ida Dunotte, Marjorie Althoff, Gertrude Keeney, Merna Bradshaw, Grace Hoyt Johnston, Dorothy Bates, Ruth Ingham, Rose Hughes, Bertha Ansen, Helene August, Mary McCrary, Ruth Todd, Anita Pellerin, Marie Mercier, Edith Gevert, Emma Louise Jones, Gertrude Kick, Betty Roberts, Zella Barrott, Emily Foshee, Katherine P. Chapin, Theona Smith, Joan Joyce, Ruth Virginia Chester, Rosemary Jane Eakin, Louise Ann Henry, Elvera Garner, Dorothy Mayhew, Alice Randle, Mildred Ribakoff, Elizabeth Belle Fryback, Helen Louise Hall, Anna Wharton, Elizabeth Feldmeier, Delia Belle Randall, Helen Stackler, Kathryn Reichenbach, Caroline C. Brown, Dorothy Jarchow, Elinor Rowe, Juliana Heidemann, Anne Jefferies, Clara Roedel, Billie Barnes, Dorothy Alice Davis, Margaret Smith, Frances May Collins, Vera Frances Hagemeyer, Phyllis Crabill, Helen Boitona, Mary Wade Moses.

Stuart Sewell, Donald Smith, John Pollard, Robert Harper, Morton Rosen, Richard Potts, Dick Pinkerton, Vincent Diehl, Henry May, Alfred M. Borman, Volney G. Spaulding, Stanley B. Ferris, John Beebe, Wilson Baptist, John Remington, Harvey McMurtry, Burton Pobolinski, Lester von Plachecki, William G. Swank, Halsey Leon Plummer, Billy Sheppard, William C. Estler, Carol Anderson, Roger Breytspraak, Alfred Hulmes, Jr., Billy MacLeod, Robert Cummin, Charles Goodwin, Alton Cobb.



THE WIRELESS GUESSING GAME

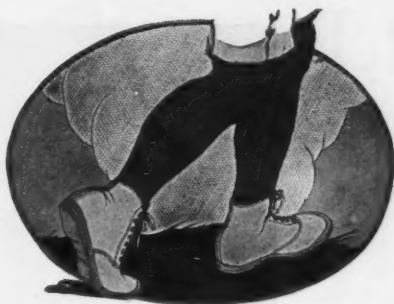
ANNA MEDARY

To play this game, all sit on chairs arranged in a circle. This circle is called the Broadcasting Station. To begin the game, one boy or girl must conduct, and this person is chosen because he or she is the tallest of the children.

To conduct the game, the boy or girl conducting selects some one to go on a journey. That person, before leaving the circle, goes around and says "good-by" to each child, calling each by name, then he or she goes out into the hall or into another room where the children in the circle cannot be seen. The one who is on the journey can turn his back from where he is, or partly hide in a closet.

Now the Broadcasting Station gets busy, and the one who is conducting makes an amplifier near his or her head by putting the tips of the fingers together in an open circle, like a basket, upside down, and saying these words, in a loud tone, "This is station L. O. F. broadcasting (L. O. F. meaning lots of fun). Guess who will speak (or sing) after a pause of a few seconds?" The one conducting then points to some one in the circle who then comes over near the amplifier the conductor makes, or makes one with his own hands, and recites or sings or just talks into it. A good thing to recite is "Hey, diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle," or any of the nursery rimes, or "I have a little shadow," or anything you know. Now the one who is on the journey guesses who has been reciting, or singing, or talking, and if he guesses rightly, *he* conducts the next game.

If two children are the same height when the conductor is chosen, they can decide between them, one allowing the other to have the chance, and in some other game or at the same time when the one going out cannot guess, the second one may have his or her chance.



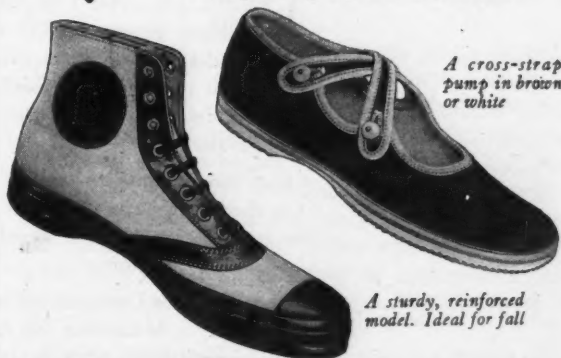
**Let them take vacation
comfort back to school**

Don't put children back into stiff, hard, heavy shoes when school begins. Keep them in Keds and let their feet stay free and uncramped when keen fall days give an added zest to play.

Keds are *anatomically correct* for all normal feet. They give feet the ease and freedom they need without sacrificing the protection they *must* have.

Why you should insist on Keds

Keds are the standard by which all canvas rubber-soled shoes are judged. Their construction has been designed to combine the greatest strength with the most attractive appearance. They are made in many styles—high shoes and low—pumps, oxfords and sandals—styles for boys and girls, women and men.



A cross-strap pump in brown or white

A sturdy, reinforced model. Ideal for fall

**They are not Keds
unless the name
Keds is on the shoe**

Remember — while there are other shoes that may at first glance *look* like Keds, no other shoe can give you real Keds value. Keds are United States Rubber Company. On the shoes, they aren't real — make sure.

Valuable hints on camping, radio, etc., are contained in the Keds Hand-book for Boys; and games, recipes, vacation suggestions, and other useful information in the Keds Hand-book for Girls. Either sent free. Address Dept. L-4, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company



Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



The Book with a Great Responsibility

THERE are times when school is out or on holidays, when children grow weary of exercise and play and their joy in familiar amusements wears off. It seems as if they didn't know what to do with themselves. Such moments easily become "loafing time," when children gather around in groups, restless and dissatisfied.

But those moments really form hours of golden opportunity. It is then, when the desire for bodily activity has subsided, that the imagination is most keenly alive and ready to receive the strongest impressions.

At such times Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia lives up to its opportunity. It catches the spirit of the moment. It feeds the child's imagination with healthful food; it satisfies the craving for adventure and romance, but it is the romance of truth, the thrilling adventure of knowledge.

The quality of a book counts most in moments like these. For when imagination opens wide the door of curiosity, those influences pour in which shape ideas, ambitions, tastes, and character. The child's future is at stake! Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia is made to meet this responsibility.

*Full particulars about Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia
will be sent upon request to anyone interested.*

Address: F. E. COMPTON & CO., Dept. 268, 58 E. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia

For Every Member of the Family

WHO'S WHO IN CHILD LIFE

Famous Juvenile Writers For The Children's Own Magazine

THE Jolly J's have come to CHILD LIFE! Johnny and Jenny and funny little Jock are here in this magazine and are coming every single month to make you chuckle over their pranks just as much as you giggle over Pudgy and the Toytown toys and your other CHILD LIFE favorites. MISS HELENE NYCE, the clever artist and author of the Jolly J's, knows just what you like best to read over and over again. Thousands and thousands of children who have loved her Flossie Fisher Funnies, her Quilly Quick and Sammy Slow have told her so ever so many times.

Clear the way for the Jungle Juniors! Isn't it fun to read in CHILD LIFE magazine every month about real baby elephants and real baby hippos and other jungle folk and to learn exactly what they do in their very own home-sweet-homes? Who knows them better than EDYTH EUSTACE, the African explorer? She spends years and years wandering through tropical forests, dining on honey and baked porcupine, peering through prickly bushes at her favorite animal friends and telling them to "Look pleasant, please!" while she takes moving pictures of them. Mrs. Eustace is known among African natives as "Catasi Moga," which means "sure aim."

Every month, you see, we are having new surprises for you. And some of the very best are still to come!

"Now and Then," a very interesting story about early days in America, begins in our September number. It's all about some jolly girls and boys and their adventures with brocaded slippers, Dutch petticoats, Indians and—But you just read it yourself and see if you don't add the names of EMILIE BENSON KNIPE and ALDEN ARTHUR KNIPE (the ones who wrote this story) to your list of favorite authors. Many children know of them already, for the Knipes are very popular writers. They have about twenty-two best selling juvenile books to their credit!

Remember about KATHERINE PYLE, too. Her many funny jingles and beautiful fairy tales are loved by children the world over. She is making up some verses and stories for you right now and these will soon appear in CHILD LIFE magazine.

Then there is that page we are turning over to our parents and to MRS. HELEN B. PAULSEN, the famous *Mother Goose Lady*. Next month she will begin her helpful talks to Father and Mother on child training and parents' problems. And she will explain to them all sorts of interesting things that she has been explaining to fathers and mothers in parent-teachers' associations, mothers' clubs, women's clubs and Rotary clubs all over the country.

Did you ever play games with buttons—shoe buttons and pearl buttons and coat buttons and every other kind of button? PATTEN BEARD, who has written several interesting books of games about boxcraft, playcraft and funcraft, has made up a whole series of funny button games for CHILD LIFE readers to play.

Watch for these games that are going to appear each month in this magazine. You will have lots

of fun with them, and with our other new games, too.

Do you know whether you are a Yang Yang or a Hoo Hoo? Did you ever listen to the singing of a haystack cricket or to the song of the left foot of the shadow of a goose? Have you ever found a token in a yellow squash spotted with gold spots? And have you ever managed to visit the town of the baby moon?

CARL SANDBURG, the famous American poet, could answer yes to all those questions. You see, he and his three children got tremendously bored with some of the old-fashioned witches and enchanted princes that they read about. So Mr. Sandburg struck up an acquaintance with a lot of fascinating up-to-date fairies living in modern cities and farms. Then he told his own children all about them. They loved these fairies so much that their father put his discoveries down in a book called "Rootabaga Stories" so that other children—thousands and thousands of them—could enjoy them, too. And they do. So, for that matter, do their parents and teachers and librarians all over the country.

And now—Mr. Sandburg has written some fascinating new stories of these modern fairies for you. They are the very best ones of all. And you will find them this autumn right here in your very own magazine.





A Hat as Smart as Dad's!

DOES your Daddy wear a Hat with a label in it?

Do you know what that label is for?

Well, the men who made Dad's Hat were proud of it, so they put their company's name inside the crown.

Now, there's a company which makes boys' hats—and it makes them so fine that it's proud of them, too!

So it puts its label right into the crown of Hats and Caps for boys of your size.

Tell Mother about this. Tell her these Hats, Caps, Rollers, and other styles are made of tweeds, suitings, softings, leathers, plushes, chinchillas—just the kind of materials she buys in your suits and over-coats!

Write for the New

"Bobby Lee" Book

This shows stunning new styles in Hats and Caps for boys of 3 to 12. If you haven't yet received the "Bobby Lee" Club button, we'll send you one with the new booklet. Just address:

AMBASSADOR CAP CO.
596 Broadway, New York City

Mother can identify a
"Bobby Lee" Hat by this label.



BOBBY LEE

HATS
for
BOYS

PATTEN BEARD'S BUTTON GAME SERIES

FISHING FOR FISH OR CATCH 'EM

By PATTEN BEARD

Author of *The Jolly Book of Playcraft*, *The Jolly Book of Boxcraft*, *Marjorie's Literary Dolls*, *The Good Crow's Happy Shop*, etc.

THIS game is played on the page of the magazine without cutting the magazine.

To make the game, you will need as many shoe-buttons as there are fish upon the game-board. If you are careful to return the buttons to Mother, she will surely lend you enough. Baby has shoe-buttons on his old booties.

Place a shoe-button, ring-side up, on each fish or eel in the pond.

Each player fishes with a bent pin that is tied upon a piece of string twelve inches long.

Each fish, large size, counts five.

Each fish, small size, counts three.

Eels count two.

When all fish are caught, the player who has highest count wins the jolly fishing game.

The game may be played for a score number of fifty, if you wish to play a long game.

LIFE LINE RELAY RACE

(Continued from page 515)

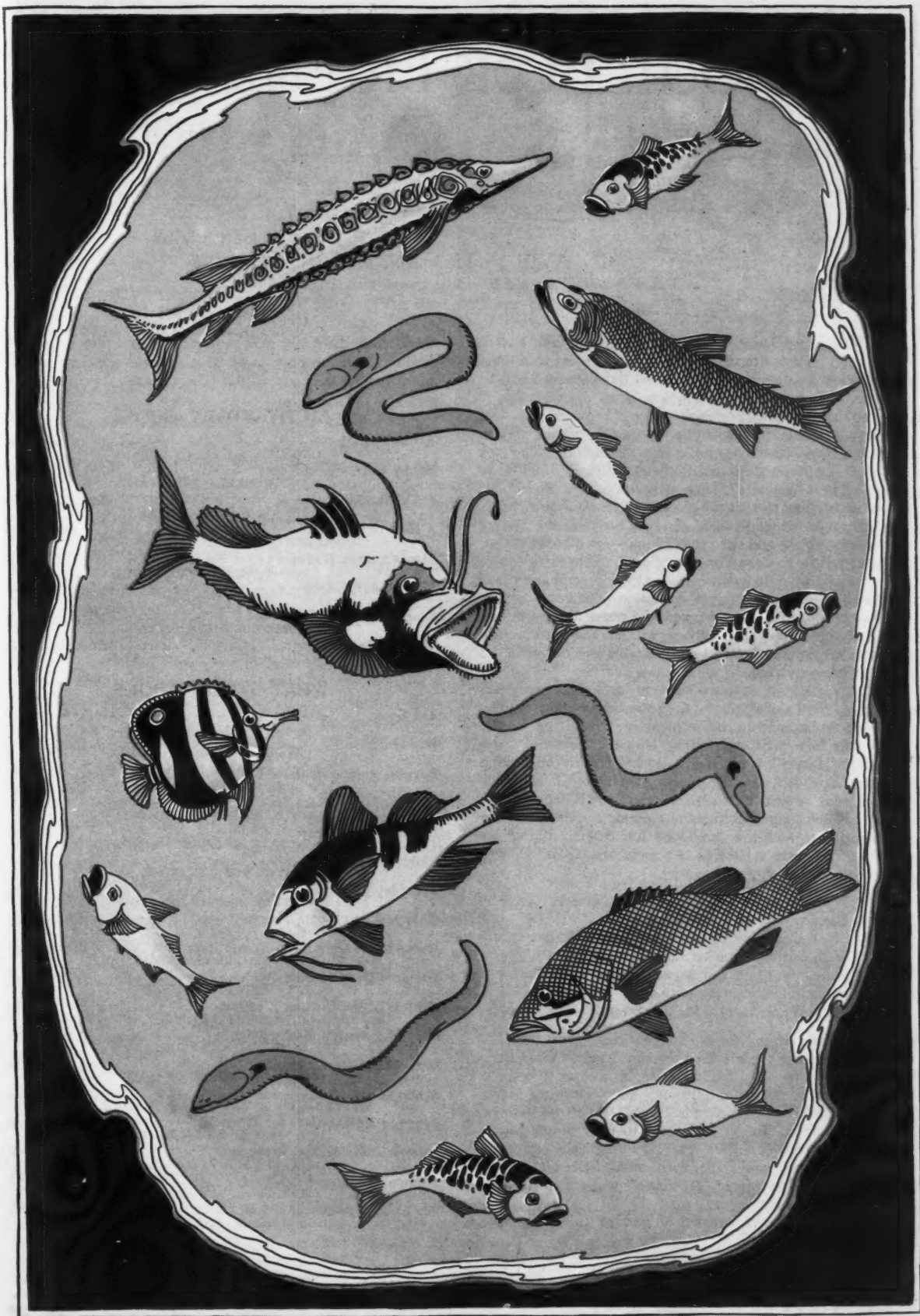
on his team, she was hauled to the pier just about two lengths ahead of Phyllis.

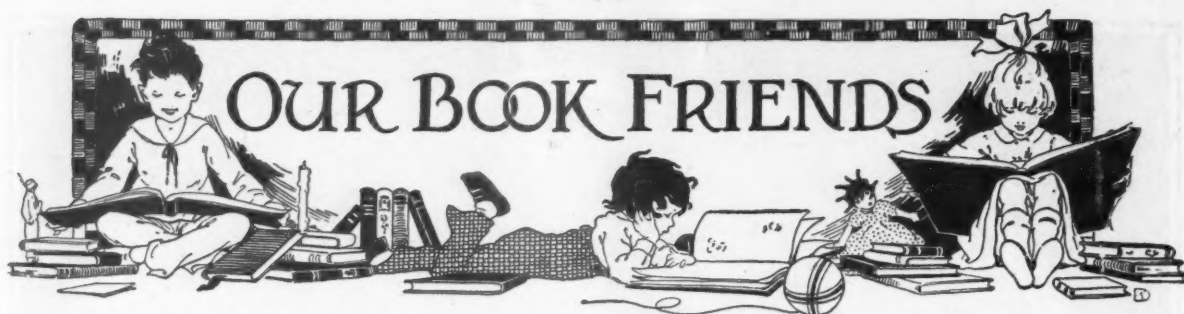
The canoe was launched and Jack, sitting in the stern, had the honor of being the first to send its sharp nose through the waters of Pine Lake. He was a happy boy as he dipped his paddle, for he had been one of the builders of this beautiful little craft and the things that one makes with one's own hands are bigger thrill givers than things that one buys.

When all of the winners and all of the losers and those who had not been in the race had been given a chance to try the new canoe, they were sent to dress. It was while they were dressing that the mothers and fathers showed that they could also move with speed, for when the happy youngsters emerged from shack and tent they found a real picnic lunch spread out on the grass.

"Say, how did this happen?" cried Bert.

"Oh, I guess we know a trick or two ourselves!" laughed Mr. Randolph as he winked at Mr. Lane.





By AVIS FREEMAN MEIGS

Formerly Children's Librarian, Detroit Public Library.
Present School Librarian, Long Beach, California

BEFORE we know it the last month of vacation is here. There are still many things we want to do and unless we plan carefully the first day of school will be upon us. We want to visit the Zoo, if we possibly can, in order to draw our own conclusions about the animals. Our curiosity is aroused, (that is one reason for wanting to go), for during the summer we have seen pictures in "The Ark Book", "The Burgess Animal Book for Children" and "The Hundred Best Animals". We have, also, a more serious reason for wishing to visit the place. We have acquired pets and though we've read two of the best books about feeding turtles and rabbits and our other animals—two books called, "Pets and How to Care For Them" and "Pets for Pleasure and Profit", we'd like the satisfaction of comparing our pets with those in the larger collection. There is a bare possibility, too, that the caretaker who wears a uniform and stands at the entrance to the Zoo, without much to occupy his thoughts, might give us some valuable suggestions if we spoke to him privately.

Before vacation is over we want to have some more fun making unusual dolls and toys. Some ideas will occur to us as we work and the other ideas we'll get from clever people who have written books to help us. Some of those books are "Little Folks' Handy Book", "Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends", "Girl's Make At Home Things". A very amusing book is called "Kritters of the Kitchen Kingdom". It has colored pictures of animals made from fruits and vegetables and the directions for making the queer people are in verse. Here is the verse about The Chef—

"For Mister Murphy, the cook from France,
With the tasty way and appealing glance,
Use a potato and with raisins six
Stuck through with pins, his features fix.
With cardboard collar and tissue cap
Pinned on to fit, this wondrous chap
Is ready for business quite complete.
For a White Potato, isn't he Sweet!"

If mother and sister grow too busy making "girls' things", the boys can show them what they can draw or what they can do in the way of making kites or inexpensive toys. "Toy Making in School and Home" and "Drawing Made Easy" are books with simple directions. When we become a wee bit more skillful we will want to use "Home Made Toys for Boys and Girls". "The Boy Magician", with its description of conjurers' tricks with cards, balls and handkerchiefs, and "The Magic of Science" will afford a great deal of entertainment.

Long before we have wearied of making things we will

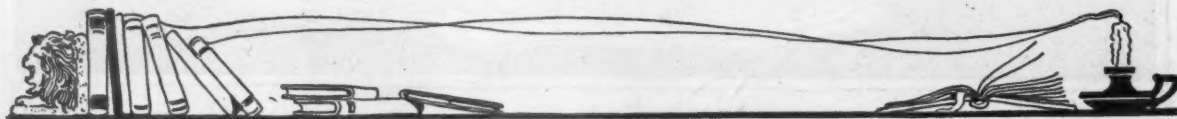
want to sit down and read some stories about boys and girls who have been as busy as we have and who are quite worthy of being numbered among our book friends.

EIGHT STORY BOOKS

About Harriet	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY	C. W. Hunt
Bobby and Betty at Home	RAND McNALLY & COMPANY	K. E. Dopp
A Child's Day	HENRY HOLT & COMPANY	Walter De La Mare
A Host of Children	BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY	J. W. Riley
Maida's Little House	B. W. HUEBSCH	I. H. Irwin
Maida's Little Shop	B. W. HUEBSCH	I. H. Gillmore
Seashore Book	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY	E. Boyd Smith
When I Was Little	RAND McNALLY & COMPANY	Ethel M. Kelley

WHAT TO DO BOOKS

Ark Book	BLACKIE & SON, LIMITED	Freda Derrick
Boy Magician	LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD	Raymond Dixie
Burgess Animal Book for Children	LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY	
Burgess Flower Book for Children	LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY	
Drawing Made Easy	CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS	E. G. Lutz
Children's Book of Birds	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY	O. T. Miller
Everyday Butterflies	HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY	S. H. Scudder
Girls Make at Home Things	F. A. STOKES COMPANY	C. S. Bailey
Home Made Toys for Girls and Boys	LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD	A. N. Hall
Hundred Best Animals	T. Y. CROWELL COMPANY	Lillian Gask
Kritters of the Kitchen Kingdom	LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY	Aunt Jo & Uncle George
Lady Hollyhock and Her Friends	BAKER & TAYLOR	M. C. Walker
Little Folks' Handy Book	CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS	L. & A. B. Beard
Magic of Science	FLEMING H. REVELL & COMPANY	A. F. Collins
Pets and How to Care for Them	NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK	L. S. Crandall
Pets for Pleasure and Profit	CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS	A. H. Verrill
Strange Adventures of a Pebble	CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS	Hallam Hawksworth
Toy Making in School and Home	HUBBELL-LEAVENS COMPANY	R. K. Polkithorne



The Most Attractive Child I Ever Met

By George Bond



I HAD stopped off on my way East to visit an old classmate of mine who lived on a ranch twenty miles from nowhere and whom I had not seen in ten years. When we arrived at his home his little boy of eight came dashing up on his pony to meet us, and while my friend drove the car around to the garage his young son, having hitched his horse, showed me to my room. I was at once impressed by his courtesy and attractive manners, at which I marveled in one brought up so far in the wilds.

But my surprise grew into wonder at dinner, and as my stay was prolonged, for, though what I first noticed, was manners, it was the little fellow's unusual education that later amazed me. He displayed such an interest in the miscellaneous table talk and such remarkable knowledge of people, business, pictures, history, literature, etc., that my admiration continued to grow by leaps and bounds. After dinner he took a book and curled up in a chair to himself where most boys would have worried their mothers to tell or read them a story.

"JIM," I said to his father, when the boy had gone to bed, "I never met a child like Ted before, and the remarkable thing about him is that with all his knowledge, he is 100 per cent real boy. Where did he get his training, anyway?"

"From a school in Baltimore," he replied with a smile of pride. "His behavior, his three R's, his general information, we owe all to that school."

"When did you live in Baltimore?" I asked.

"I have never been to Baltimore," he answered.

"You don't mean to say you sent a boy of his age away to boarding school?"

"Oh, no!" said he. "When Ted reached the age of four, we became desperate. Neither my wife nor I knew anything about bringing up a child and, though we felt our responsibility keenly, we did not know what to do. Ted was meanwhile developing traits and tendencies that began to alarm us. His education meant more to us than anything else in the world, but it seemed that if we stayed here without a school there could be no education. And if we left the ranch there would be no money for his education.

"Thus we were between the two horns of a dilemma. Then one day we heard accidentally that the Calvert School in Baltimore was training and teaching children from four to twelve years right in their own homes, no matter where they live, by laying a foundation of good habits and manners at the age of four, proceeding with the teaching of reading and writing and so carrying its pupils on until when they finally do go to school they enter a year or more ahead of other children their age."

"I didn't know that such a school existed," I frankly confessed.

"Come, let me show you his school-room," he said, and taking me upstairs into the boy's playroom he pointed out the corner set aside for the purpose of a school—with its little desk and a chair and shelf of books, one or two of which I opened.

"What attractive books!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know school-books were ever made so. They weren't in my day."

He showed me the daily lesson sheets of instructions, so clear that any one could follow them, and so enlightening that even with a random glance I learned things that brought forth the exclamation, "Well, I never knew that before!" Then I examined Ted's stories about his pony and life on the ranch, and his compositions, illustrated with pictures on art, history, mythology, science, together with his reports and certificate.



I COMPARED the work I mentally with that of my own little girl in the East whom, at a financial sacrifice, I was sending to the best day school I knew of—and a jealous and even angry feeling swept over me that my friend's son, 1,000 miles from a good school, should be so much better trained.

"But who does the actual teaching?" I asked.

"His nurse at first gave him his lessons, but after a while my wife became so interested that she considered it a pleasure and a privilege to do that part herself. She found it brought new interest and delight into her own life, and I venture to say it takes no more of her time than that which your wife spends in hearing your little girl's lessons, which you are paying others to teach.



"The Calvert School was started and is maintained by a group of leading citizens of Baltimore who seek no financial benefits, but who wanted the best the educational world afforded for their own children. And they are broad-minded enough to wish to make similar advantages available to all English-speaking children. The Calvert School faculty is constantly trying out new devices, books, schemes, plans and methods and they adopt and incorporate into their course any improvement that stands the test.

"You'll be surprised to know there are Calvert pupils in every state and twenty-two foreign countries, and a great many schools are using Calvert methods, though many claim to be using the Calvert School system who are not entitled to."

Inspired by my friend's enthusiasm I borrowed a post card, sat down at once and wrote the Calvert School, asking for full information.

When I reached home the information I sought was awaiting me, and I at once secured the Calvert instruction for Mary.

WHY not find out what the Calvert School can do for your child? There is a course of daily lessons for each age of childhood from four or five years to twelve—definite lessons for each school day, setting down just what is to be done day by day and in such simple language that any one can follow the directions. The School will gladly send you full information on request or you may simply fill out and send the coupon below if you wish.

CALVERT SCHOOL

11 Chase St.

Baltimore, Md.

Please send me full information about your Home Instruction Courses.

Name

Address



YOUR SUIT AND DOLLY'S

Designed by LAURA VALENTINE. With Patterns



3601

4345

BILLY BOY is really only three years old, but for all that quite a little man. Just look at Suit No. 4345, and see if you ever saw a more manly suit for a little fellow! It comes in sizes 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 years, and makes up charmingly in linen, galatea, poplin, or jersey. Here, I am suggesting it in linen, *soft blue*, with collar and cuffs bound in white, and a heavy stitching in a *darker blue* around the belt, etc. A neat mannish little tie tucks in under the collar, even the ends tucked in, to add a smart effect.

No. 3601 is also very smart in linen, drill, gingham, seresucker,

madras and percale. Here it is suggested in *orange* linen, with a white batiste blouse and the *orange* linen collar and cuffs and the crisp little plaitings add an attractive touch. The sleeves of both of these models may be long or short as desired. This one comes in sizes 2, 3, 4, and 5 years.

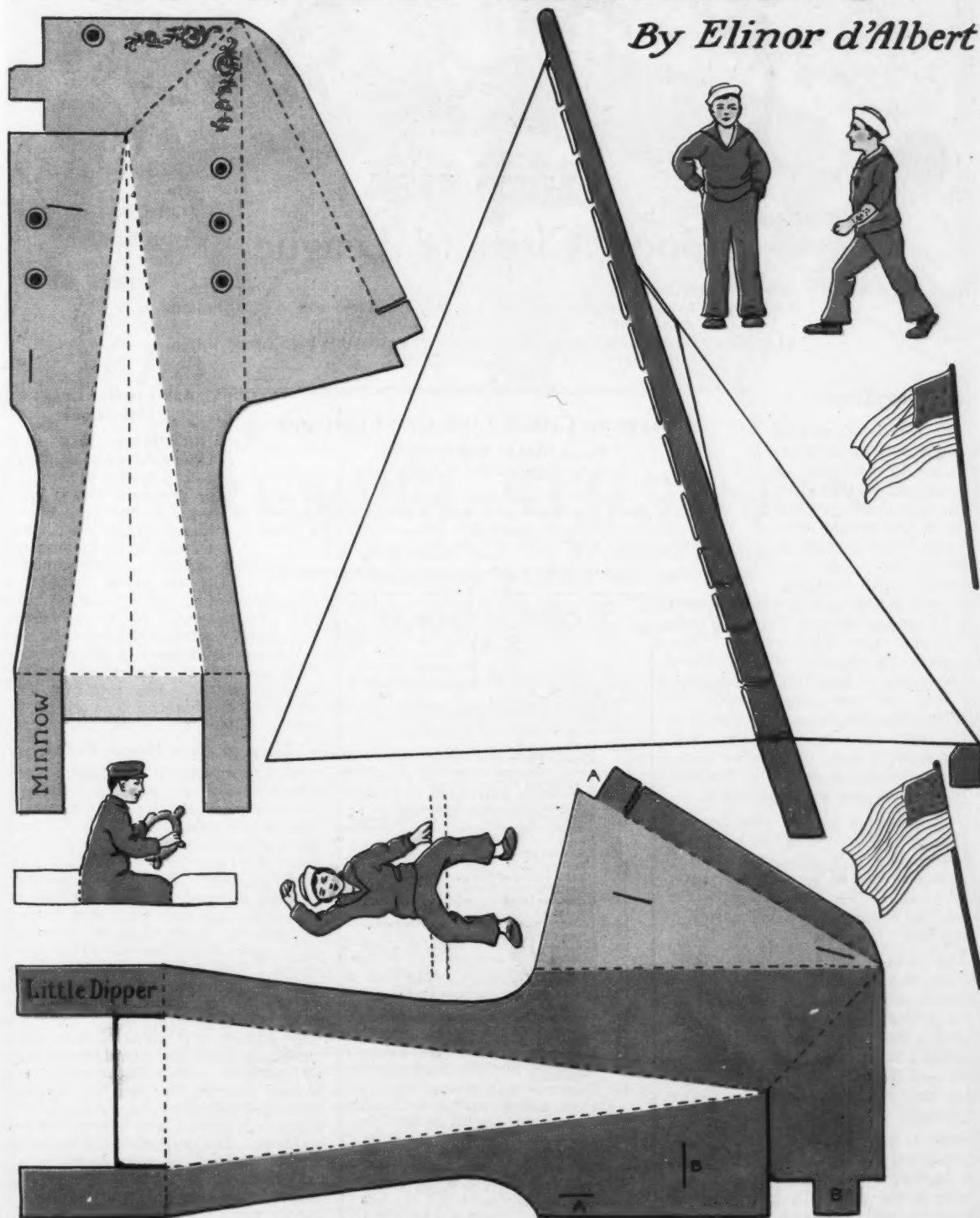
Miss Valentine is always delighted to answer any questions Mother may care to ask, if she will send a stamped self-addressed envelope to CHILD LIFE Magazine, care Rand McNally & Company, 536 So. Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

All patterns are 20 cents each.

Order our new quarterly fashion booklet; 25 cents.

SUMMER SAILING

By Elinor d'Albert



DIRECTIONS

THE "Minnow" will really float on the water if carefully made, and with this for a pattern you can have as many boats as you like. Before folding, cut the two slits into which the tabs fit. The white triangle is the bottom of the boat, or keel. Cut the black line that runs over to the point of the triangle. The black lines, one of which is under the word "Minnow" should

be cut to the dotted line. Fold back all dotted lines, put tabs in slits giving an extra fold to the tab that holds the cabin in place.

The "Little Dipper" is made in same way. Strengthen mast by pasting heavy paper back of it. This boat will float if fastened to a light piece of wood.



MOTTO: Responsibility.

CREED: I live in one of the best countries in the world and wish to do all I can to make it better.

PLEDGE: Every day I will do at least one thing to show that I am a good citizen.

Play-Time

The cousins each received a bright new quarter every Monday to spend just as they pleased, and one afternoon while Alice and Tom were at the picture show, because "they had nothing else to do," Kate and Howard went shopping. Not with Mother to buy window shades but by themselves with Howard's little wagon to carry their parcels. They bought a big wooden box for fifteen cents, a can of paint for ten, a brush for five and some small boards for another dime. By the time Tom and Alice came back from spending their quarters for a show they hadn't liked, their cousins had made the big box into a doll's house and were painting it.

"Let's make a bed for your house," said Tom eagerly. "Glue four big spools to the corner of a cigar box. Slip a clothes pin over each corner for posts; then paint it. The girls can make the sheets and mattresses. It makes such a pretty bed."

And indeed it did—so very pretty, in fact, that the other little girls in the neighborhood wanted one just like it. That is how it happened that the boys started a shop and made enough money to build a little house in the back yard, Tom and Howard using one side as a shop and the girls the other as a playhouse.

Such a good summer as they had, working and playing in their little house and learning to swim and row and play tennis in the park! In fact, none of them ever went to a show again unless there was a picture they really wanted to see.

"It's more fun to do things than to watch them done anyway," said Alice. And you may be sure the others thought so, too. Don't you?

Message to CHILD LIFE Good Citizens

From MAUD WOOD PARK

President, National League of Women Voters

You can choose to be a farmer, a doctor or a lawyer when you are grown, but you will be a *citizen* without choosing at all. Your country needs *good citizens*, and no boy or girl is too young to begin to learn what it means to be one.

A GOOD CITIZEN AT PLAY

For August let us see what we can do to show that we are good citizens at play.

A good citizen enjoys his play time and helps others enjoy theirs.

1. I played fair.
2. I played in the fresh air.
3. I played where it was safe.
4. I learned a new game.
5. I made up a good game.
6. I was careful not to hurt others.
7. I did not cry when I fell or was hurt in playing.
8. I kept out of the street.
9. I was careful of the lawn and flowers.
10. I looked when I ran.
11. I kept out of the way of passers-by.
12. I paid for the damage my ball did.
13. I played quietly while baby was asleep.
14. I played quietly while Mother rested.
15. I was careful of my toys.
16. I put my bicycle or wagon in a safe place.
17. I made a toy.
18. I gave a toy to another child.
19. I kept my temper when I lost the game.
20. I taught a new game to some friends.
21. I learned to swim.
22. I learned to row.
23. I saved my money and bought a toy.
24. I let my brother or sister play with my toys.
25. I kept my toys in their place.

Do not record Number 1 if you have not played fair all month. If you find it hard to keep your temper when you lose the game but have worked hard to keep it, record that. You will find that many of the interesting things you do will win you Honor Points. If you will write and ask us for a supply of the Good Citizens' League record sheets, blanks will be mailed you that will make it easier for you to keep your records.

It is important that you keep a record of your good citizenship deeds. Remember the prize at the end of the year.

Ask for the League Handbook

A CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League Handbook will be mailed to any child or grown-up who is interested in starting a branch league. In it, you will find, all very handy for your use, the motto, creed and pledge of the league, its rules, a

constitution that you can use for your own local branch, a list of the officers you should elect, instructions as to how a group should conduct its meetings, songs and yells and, best of all, a simple initiation service. Yes, your own little league will be as much fun as any organization Father or Mother belongs to.

How to Gain Honor Points

Each month a list of things a good citizen should do is published. Keep a record of your good deeds and send it to CHILD LIFE Magazine at the end of the month. An Honor Point is given for every day you have recorded a good citizenship deed. Every month an honor roll will be printed with the names of the boys and girls who have earned twenty-five or more points, and the name of the state which has secured the most Honor Points will be published. Each child who earns 300 Honor Points within a year after he becomes a member of the league will be given a prize.

In keeping the record of your good citizenship deeds, also record those things you think of yourself that show you are a good citizen. The ten best original ideas each month will be published, and if your's is printed, you will receive ten additional Honor Points. You must send in the list for your August work not later than September 5. Lists received after that time will be credited, but the name of the child will not appear on the honor roll.

In making application for membership write your name, age, school, grade and address clearly in ink and send your letter to the CHILD LIFE Good Citizens' League, Rand McNally & Company, 536 S. Clark Street, Chicago, Illinois.

This page is conducted by MISS LORI BROWN, Director of Civics, Perry School, Chicago.



Who was RUMPEL-STILT-SKIN?

THE king sent for the miller's beautiful daughter and locked her with her spinning-wheel in a great room half full of straw. "If all this straw is not spun into gold by morning you shall . . . !" he said.

What did she do? Who was Rumpel-Stilt-Skin? What happened then?

In *Once Upon a Time*—a book of *Old-time Fairy Tales*, published by RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, is found the answer. Here is a classic to charm the hearts and minds of little ones. It is superbly printed in large, readable type and illustrated with beautifully colored pictures.

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RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
Publishers of *Child Life*
CHICAGO



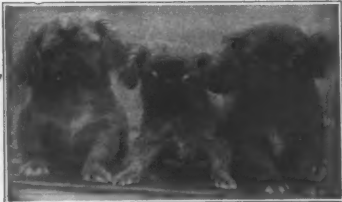
RAND McNALLY & COMPANY, Dept. V-33
536 S. Clark Street, Chicago.
Gentlemen: Please send me, without charge, your catalog, *Books for Children and Guide for Selection*.

Name

Address

DOGS

Where To Get Them



"Little puppies Pekingese
Which would you like best of these?
All attention, if you please,
Sun Dogs of ancient Chinese."

Photos and prices from

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2269-A Metropolitan Ave., Middle Village, L. I.

REGISTERED SCOTCH COLLIES

Represents Best Breeding
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Grown stock and puppies for
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American and imported
Champions

The Arcadia Collie Kennels

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CHILDREN'S COMPANIONS OORANG AIREDALES

A FREE COPY DESCRIPTIVE BOOK-
LET of world's largest dog kennels will be
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famous Oorang Airedales specially trained
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dogs, stock drivers, automobile guards, and
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Safest dog for children.
Any age, any color, imported
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Collie Kennels, Wauson, O.

A Jefferson White is a Collie of a type

BORZOIS

(Russian Wolfhounds)

The dog of kings and emperors.
The aristocrat of the canine family.
The most beautiful of all breeds.

Puppies for sale. Very reasonable. Ex-
ceptionally beautiful. Come from some of
the greatest Champions in the country. No
better blood to be had at any price.

Address:

DR. L. De SAYDA, College President
Lakewood, N. J.

CHILD LIFE Dog Stories

JIP AND JAP

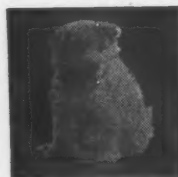
I HAVE two little dogs
Named Jip and Jap,
They love to lie on Mother's
lap
And lazily take their morn-
ing nap.

Mother loves to watch them,
too,
And never says, "Now,
doggies, sh-o-o-o."
And so they sleep and sleep
all day
And Mother lets them
stay and stay.

ROBERT PASCAL

Age 7 yrs. Cleveland, Ohio

CHILD LIFE wants each
of its little readers to have
the companionship of a dog
and will be only too glad to
answer any inquiries pertain-
ing to the selection of one of
these loyal pets for your
household. Just write to
CHILD LIFE, Dog Depart-
ment, 536 S. Clark Street,
Chicago, Illinois.



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*Ideal for
Children*

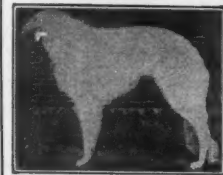
Large Stock to Select
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Russian Wolfhound Puppies



Bred from
the very best
imported
strains. Pup-
pies ready
for shipment.

Prices
reasonable.

ARKANSAS VALLEY KENNELS

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D. C. Davis, Prop. Cimarron, Kan.

The Ideal Pet for Your Child REGULAR POLICE DOGS

A beautiful litter of puppies out of champion bred
blood lines. A strain which represents dogs of the
best breeding of America and Germany.

Write for pedigrees and prices. Stud service.

M. G. & C. WILLARD
Mountain View Farm and Kennel
Middleville, N. Y.



What makes Molly so
happy? I'm sure you
don't have to be told,
for those two collie
puppies answer the
question. They came
from

**SUNNYBRAE
COLLIE KENNELS**
Bloomington, Ill.

Why don't you write to Sunnybrae? They have
fine collie puppies like these at reasonable
prices. Buy a collie and you will be sure that
you are getting the best kind of a playmate.

Mr. F. E. Clarke, owner of the kennels, has
written a book on Dog Training, which he
will send to you for 35c. He would be glad
to receive a letter from you.

"Strong Heart" Police Dogs



"Character plus Appearance."
You can pay more but you can't
get a better dog.

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STRONG HEART KENNELS
New Brunswick, East Pike, N.J.

Pekingese Puppies

are one of the safest and best
dogs for children.

*Playful—Watchful
Beautiful*

Correspondence a pleasure.

KINRYO KENNELS
6075 Oakwood Ave. Cincinnati, Ohio.



KIPLING says: "Every child
has an inborn right to be brought
up with a dog." This is a great truth
if the dog is the big, strong kind of a
fellow that will love, protect, sym-
pathize with, entertain, educate and
if necessary die for a little girl or boy!
The hardy, lovable, brave, intelligent
White Scotch Collies that we sent to

herd reindeer in Northern Alaska, to accompany Amund-
sen on his seven-year trip to Polar Regions, as com-
panions to the great Canadian North West Mounted
Police have those virile qualities that every thinking
mother and father wants in charge of their own baby.
A big, strikingly handsome White Collie that will permit
an innocent baby to gouge his eyes and maul him, whip
into submission an ugly bull, play all day patiently with
the children, rouse the household when there is a fire,

hold the baby by the dress when an automobile passes,
attract them incessantly to the healthful outdoors
summer and winter, is the kind that adds many peaceful
hours to the lives of mother and father, many years of
happiness to the child and golden memories for a life
time. Pedigree, country grown stock for any climate.

Write us freely about your needs.

ISLAND WHITE COLLIE KENNELS, Dept. L. C. L., Oshkosh, Wisconsin, U. S. A.



CLUB MOTTO:

The only joy I keep is what I give away

Since children are the real Joy Givers, CHILD LIFE is providing them with the Joy Givers' Club. The purpose of this Club is to give joy to the readers of CHILD LIFE and to encourage expression in its members.

Any reader of CHILD LIFE of twelve years of age or under many become a member of this club whether a regular subscriber or not.

This department is composed of original creations by the children themselves.

Short joy-giving contributions in prose, verse, or jingle are welcome. Well illustrated stories are especially desired. All drawings should be done on white unruled paper.

The contributions must be original and be the work of children of twelve and under.

If you know ways to give joy to others, write about it in story form, and send your story to CHILD LIFE. Miss Waldo will give your letters and contributions personal attention.

For Joy Givers' Club membership cards write to

ROSE WALDO, *Editor*

CARE OF RAND McNALLY & COMPANY

536 S. CLARK STREET

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

TREASURES

WE HAVE a pretty garden
And a nice big doggie, too,
And a darling little baby
With great big eyes of blue.

BOB KELLNER
Highland Park, Ill.

GRANDPA'S
NEW LAUNCH

I LIVE way down South on the Mississippi River and my grandfather had a new launch built. He finished the boat last month and named it for me. It is the "Charles of Natchez."

Mother had a large picture just like this one framed to put in the launch. I am five years old and when I grow up I will have a big launch, too, so I can go fishing and hunting.

JAMES CHARLES COCHRAN
Age 5 years Natchez, Miss.



JAMES CHARLES COCHRAN

THE FAIRIES

SEE the little fairies
Dancing on the green,
They're the cutest little fairies
Anyone has ever seen.

They wear such pretty dresses
Colored purple, green and white,
And with their golden tresses
They are a wondrous sight!

THAIS DAVID
Age 8 years Malverne, L. I.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I NEVER thought I could write poetry but I have made up a poem at last.

THE Song Man makes his little songs,
Of doors and streets and trees,
Of books and chairs and boxes
Or anything he sees.

HENRIETTA VENNEWIT
St. Louis, Mo.

Dr. West's
TOOTH BRUSH

Tiny Tooth Brush Drill



I take my Tiny Tooth Brush
—Just like this.



And put some paste upon it
—Just like this.



Then my mouth I open wide
And with my brush reach
clear inside
—From this small brush no
food can hide.

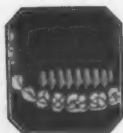
Then up and down I brush
just right
Until my teeth are clean and
white,
And then I smile with all my
might
—Just like this.



Dr. West's Tooth Brush
is recommended by the
family dentist. A small
brush that fits the teeth.
Children like to use it.

*In Three Sizes
At All Good Dealers*

Cleans
INSIDE



Cleans
OUTSIDE



and **BETWEEN**

Patents allowed in United States, Great Britain, France,
Germany, Australia, New Zealand, Canada. Numerous
other patents pending. Our rights will be fully protected.

THE WESTERN COMPANY • Chicago • New York

THE FLUFFY CHICK

MY HOME was in an egg shell
thick.

It was so small it made me sick,
So I began to pick,
And out I came, a fluffy Chick.

LORRAINE EDISON

Age 8½ years Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo:

MY AUNT subscribes for the
CHILD LIFE for me and I
think that the magazine is grand.
The name of my poem is "Col-
umbus."

COLUMBUS

COLUMBUS sailed over the
ocean blue,

To find the United States.

In three small ships he carried his
crew,

But none of the three were mates.
He found a land by the western seas
With Indians galore,

And jabbering parrots in the trees
And sharks along the shore,

And this was the tale Columbus
told,

And most of the tale is true,

How he crossed the seas, a sailor
bold,

In fourteen ninety-two.

ELEANOR BURDETT

Age 10 years Trenton, N. J.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I GOT CHILD LIFE for Christmas.

I enjoy it very much. I like
Just Like This and Happiness
Hall and Joy Givers' Club best.
I also like others, but those are
the ones I like best. I would like
to become a member of the Joy
Givers' Club.

I was going to school one day
when I saw a little girl going across
the street when a truck came down
the hill and it would have hit the
little girl if I hadn't gone out and
brought her to the sidewalk. I
think this was being helpful in the
same way as the little girl with the
old woman in the front picture of
the Joy Givers' Club.

Your new friend,

ELEANOR BEYERS

Age 9 years Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I AM enclosing picture of myself
and CHILD LIFE taken recent-
ly by my mama. I send this to let
you know how interested I am in
your excellent paper.

Sincerely,

MARY J. SPAULDING

Age 3 years San Antonio, Texas



MARY J. SPAULDING

Dear Miss Waldo:

I ENJOY the CHILD LIFE very
much and would love to become
a Joy Giver. I am sending you a
poem.

MY CAT

MY CAT is always clean and
nice,

She gets her meals by catching
mice,

But still she likes rich milk and rice,
And every day she eats it twice.

Yours truly,

MARY VIRGINIA MILLER

Age 9 years Charleston, W. Va.

HERCULES AND THE LAZY MAN

A MAN was driving a load along
a muddy road. He stuck fast
in the mud. He knelt down and
prayed to Hercules for help. Her-
cules said, "Get up and put your
shoulder to the wagon." And he
did so with all his strength, till
finally he got it out of the mud.
He thanked Hercules for what he
had done.

GEORGE ADIS

Age 9 years Chicago, Ill.

LULLABY

SLEEP baby bye,
Angels flying in the sky
Bring sweet dreams to my baby bye,
Sleep baby bye.

Sleep baby bye,
Sleep through the night
Till the morning light,
Sleep baby bye.

Sleep baby bye,
The angels have brought you
your dream,
And have given a kiss to thee,
Sleep baby bye,
And here is a kiss from me.

CONSTANCE ETZ
Age 10 years Washington, D.C.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I DEARLY love your magazine,
and we use it for a reader in
school at home. My mother teaches
me at home. I am in the fifth grade
and I am eight years old. If there
is any boy or girl outside the U.S.A.
who reads this book, I want to
correspond with him or her.

Here is a little poem that I wrote:

I FOUND a little birdies' nest,
'Way back beneath the eaves,
Where tired little birdies sleep
Under the rustling leaves.

ROBERT CLEMENTS, Jr.
Age 8 years Dickson, Tenn.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I LOVE you very much. My
friends who take you do, too.
The things that I like best are: Just
Like This, Joy Givers' Club, Out-
door Sports, Toytown Tattler and
also Happiness Hall. Of course I
like all of you. I hope you will put
this letter in CHILD LIFE. And I
hope to be a Joy Giver. I am also
sending you a little welcome.

WELCOME, CHILD LIFE

OH, welcome, dear CHILD LIFE!
Oh, welcome, dear CHILD
LIFE!

Oh, welcome, dear CHILD LIFE!
We'll all welcome you!

Yours truly,

ALICE E. OGG
Age 9 years Carey, Ohio

THE ANT'S STORY

PLEASE STOP!" cried a tiny
voice to a small girl who had
been playing alone in her sand
pile. She looked around, saw no
one and went on playing, thinking
the noise imaginary. But soon she
found out it was not for it cried
again, "Oh, won't you please stop?"

Then the little girl thought the
sound came from the ground and
upon looking down she saw an
ant near her foot. "Oh, excuse
me. Did I hurt you?" She was
very polite, you see.

"No, you didn't, but I was afraid
you were going to step upon my
palace."

"Palace?" inquired the little girl.

"Yes," said the ant, "I am the
king of ants and my wife and I
are the only ants of Antwerp City
that can talk. We also have other
powers, granting children, who are
careful not to injure our people, the
favors that they ask us. I hope
you do not step on my people
purposely, do you?"

"No, I do not," replied the
little girl.

Then you may have any favor
you ask of me." "Thank you,"
said the girl.

CATHERINE BECKER
Age 10 years Dubuque, Iowa.

Dear Editor:

I AM taking the CHILD LIFE and
I just love it. I am so fond of
reading and the stories are so good.

Yours truly,

MARTHA JEAN REHBERG

THE ROBIN AND THE
SQUIRREL

I SAW a little squirrel one day,
And he was very busy at play.
A robin hopped by me and said,
"Little squirrel, you busy yet?"
Just then the squirrel looked at me
And oh, how he did scurry!
Then the robin flew away
In a great big hurry.

MARTHA JEAN REHBERG
Age 7 years Kamiah, Idaho



AMERICAN STATIONERY

*A Delightful Stationery
for Informal Notes*

The original printed type of
note paper which has been
taken up so enthusiastically in
the country's better homes is
American Stationery. This is
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notes. It is characterized by a
sterling quality. It is neatly
and accurately printed. It is
made up and delivered with
sharp promptness. And, be-
cause of our unique method
of production, it is incredibly
low in price. Send for a
package printed with your
name and address and learn
how excellent an informal
stationery can be.

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PRINTED WITH ANY NAME AND ADDRESS

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as follows and mailed post-
paid. PAPER: National Bank
Bond—clear, white, fine tex-
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envelopes to match. INK:
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shown in illustration, in rich,
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For orders west of Denver and for-
eign countries, add 10%. Always
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Gentlemen: Herewith is \$1.00 for 200 sheets and
100 envelopes of American Stationery to be print-
ed as shown on attached slip. (Note: To avoid
errors, write or print copy plainly.)
MONEY READILY REFUNDED IF YOU
ARE NOT WHOLLY SATISFIED

Fresh air, real food, complete rest for mother and children



Take them to the Lakes of Northern Wisconsin and Upper Michigan

Give them two weeks, a month or a whole season in nature's pine-scented dispensary, and take them back rosy and plump, with a new lease on life.

7000 lakes with splendid hotel, cottage and camp accommodations offer delicious meals, home comfort, and every outdoor sport—fishing, golfing, hiking, bathing, canoeing.

Write today for illustrated folder of large detailed map, fares and list of resorts.

C. A. CAIRNS, Passenger Traffic Manager

CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RY.

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Season, 30-Day and Week-End Tickets Greatly Reduced

Wisconsin Lakes Special leaves Chicago daily, except Sunday, 7:00 p. m. (Standard Time), arrives Northern resorts early next morning.

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Chicago Passenger Terminal

688



Seal on Orchard Hill Camp Ring

FOR jolly summer play days **ORCHARD HILL CAMP** is the place for the children to spend their vacation. Located on the beautiful Fox River a few miles from the romantic old city of St. Charles, Illinois, it is ideally situated.

Special accommodations for very small children as well as for juniors up to fourteen years, make **ORCHARD HILL CAMP** a safe, healthy place to send the children for vacation. Separate camps for boys and girls are maintained although close enough together to permit of many good times for brother and sister.

A very limited number of late registrations may be accommodated. Complete information and illustrated booklet will be mailed on request.

Address:

EDITH B. LOWRY, M. D.
ORCHARD HILL CAMP
St. Charles, Illinois



STAR DUST FAIRY

By Eliza Buffington

Kiddies come and act with me
The story of the fairy fay,
That from Japan did run away,
In a star, for you to see.

"It should add to the holiday joy, or anytime joy, of every house into which it finds its way."—New York World.

Price \$2
postpaid

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supplied by
The Baker & Taylor Co.
Wholesale
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\$1.97 UKELELE

Joy for every boy and girl—and grown-ups, too. A real Hawaiian Ukelele, full sized and handsomely made for only \$1.97. Just the thing for picnics, beach parties, boat parties and gatherings of all sorts.

Send No Money
We may never be able to secure Ukeleles to sell this low again. So send your order immediately. You don't pay a cent, until the instrument is in your hands. Self instructor 25c extra.

Address **CARTER B. CORDNER CO.**
Dept. 18 1020 Wilson Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Dear Miss Waldo;

I AM sending you a poem about your magazine. I think you are a Joy Giver to be editor of **CHILD LIFE**. I hope you will print the poem.

ONE day as I walked along a river,
I decided what I would do,
I'd be a Joy Giver
Like Miss Waldo, too.

She edits a paper called **CHILD LIFE**,
A fine book through and through.
It tells of the great poets
And what they tried to do.

It has the stories of boys and girls,
Who live in foreign lands,
And also tales of camels
Who walk on the desert sands.

O! it's a fine book, I tell you,
To those who have never read
Any of the famous stories
Of great men and what they said.

FRANCES PENDLETON

Elizabeth City, N. C.

Age 10 years

Dear Miss Waldo;

I WANT to join the Joy Givers' Club. I have only seen two issues of **CHILD LIFE** and in each issue I have liked the Joy Givers' Club best. I am sending you a poem. It is the first poem I have written that has had any sense to it. I was intending to send you a story, but I didn't think it gave joy, so I made a poem.

WHERE I LIVE

I LIVE on the banks of the Rio Grande.
Its waters flow through the silver sand,
With cactus and catclaws growing near.
Here days are warm, and the sky is clear.
Throughout the year are flowers gay:
Oh, such a land for joy and play!

Yours truly,

ELLEN DOUGLASS YOUNG

Age 10 years Laredo, Tex.

THREE TIN SOLDIERS

THREE tin soldiers, marching in a row,
Where they're going I do not know.
Very straight and strong are they,
But never a word do they say.
By and by there was no sun,
Then the soldiers' walk was done.

ROBERT E. JONKER
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Age 9 years

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I WANT to tell you about our Mercy Band.

One day Mother was reading to me. She read me about a little boy and girl who said that they would never hurt anything that God had made. I thought that it would be nice to have a band like this, so nine little girls and I got up this Mercy Band. We fed many little hungry cats and dogs.

I will write you more about the Mercy Band next time.

Your little friend,

ANN SPROULE

Age 7 years

Anniston, Ala.

END OF THE
COW, COW, COW

THE cow jumped up on a moon-light night

And hi-diddle-diddle said he would bite;

But the cow was so quick

That she turned to a stick

And that was the end of the cow,
cow, cow.

CHARLES KEITH BIGLER

Age 5½ years Scenery Hill, Pa.

CHILDREN WHO WISH
TO GET LETTERS

Charlotte Green, Alta Vista Hotel,
Miami, Fla.

Patricia McKenna, Bandon, Ore.

Mary Nancy Tyrrell, 12 North
Street, Danielson, Conn.

Winnifred Holmes, R. F. D. 3,
Streator, Ill.

Loretta Margerite Bougie, R. R. 1,
West DePere, Wis.

This Big Talking & Sleeping Doll is for You-



THIS doll is for you—all the way from the tips of her patent leather slippers and pink silk stockings to the top of her organdie and lace bonnet. She has the prettiest bobbed brown hair and big blue eyes that shut when you put her to bed.

The pink organdie dress trimmed with lace just matches the bonnet and comes off and so does the petticoat and undies so you can make more clothes for her yourself and have the best time dressing her up to go bye-bye or sending her off to school or putting her to bed.

She Sleeps

This doll is big enough to join your tea parties and play with you just like a sister. You needn't be afraid of hurting her for she is non-breakable. She is 20 inches high—that's about three inches higher than the seat of a big chair. And think of it! She can be made to walk!

She is Big

If you could only see this doll and hear her cry "Mama" for you, I know you'd never go to sleep until she was your very, very own.

She Talks

And best of all this big talking and sleeping doll can be your very own.

This Doll may be yours without charge

JUST go to the mothers of your play-mates and tell them about CHILD LIFE. Take this copy along and show them all the things that give you such a good time.

Tell them about Pudgy and Funny Bunny and Who's Who in the Zoo, and how you make up the cut-outs. They want to know, too, about "Little Artists," "Good Citizens' League," "Joy Givers Club," and particularly about "In Music Land," if their little girls are taking music lessons.

They will see the fun it will mean to their little girls to have CHILD LIFE to read and will give you a subscription. Mother, too, will gladly help you in getting subscriptions from her friends.

Send us just four yearly subscriptions other than your own and the \$12.00 you have collected and your address, and we will send the doll by parcel post the day we get your letter.

If you could just see this great big doll and how pretty her brown hair and blue eyes are and how nicely she goes to sleep, you wouldn't let us keep her. You'll love the way she says "Mama."

Tell your mother all about this doll and see if you can't send in the four subscriptions in the next couple of days.

To Mothers: This doll is one of the best manufactured by a reliable, long established concern so we are able to guarantee the doll as satisfactory.



Here comes
the doll!
What will
we call her?

Send Your Orders With This

CHILD LIFE
536 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

Send the big non-breakable doll that talks and goes to sleep to me. I am sending \$12.00 for four subscriptions to be sent to the people whose address is on the sheet enclosed.

My Name.....

Street and Number.....

Post Office.....State.....



For the Hot Weather

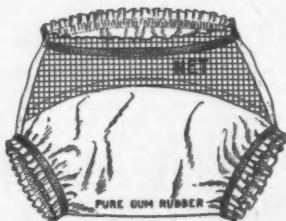
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Six Special Features That Assure Baby's Comfort

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If your dealer does not carry the CLIMAX line, write for our catalogue of women's and babies' sanitary garments. Be sure to state name of your dealer.

CLIMAX SPECIALTY CO.
1515 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Dear CHILD LIFE:

I HAVE been taking CHILD LIFE ever since January. I would like to be a member of the Joy Givers' Club very much. I would like to have my name in CHILD LIFE.

Yours truly,

ROBBIE DUNBAR

Age 10 years

THE FAIRIES' GARDEN

ONCE upon a time there lived a small black caterpillar. He lived, however, where he was not at all wanted, for he was in the selfish fairies' garden. These fairies never did anything for anyone else and that's why they were called selfish fairies.

But the caterpillar went right on living there and for a time the fairies let him stay. But early one morning they came and told him he must take his leave. He began to cry and said he had no place to go.

"Well," said Queen Sylvia, heartlessly, "you cannot stay here. So you may as well take your clothes and go."

So it happened that Fuzzy, the baby caterpillar, plodded along the dusty road carrying a small bundle of fresh furs. It was hot and he was tired and thirsty. Finally he came to such a lovely place that it seemed as if he must stop and drink from the clear, sparkling water that flowed in a little brook close by.

Then he stopped. It was somebody's property. But he stopped and drank. He was still drinking when he heard sweet, musical voices.

"Why, who can this be?"

"I can't recognize him!"

"Will you tell me your name?"

"Fuzzy, Ma'am."

"Fuzzy. That name is familiar."

So a lot of elves took him away and when they came back they led Fuzzy, now a handsome fairy. He was the king of the fairies.

Then the king and queen lived in the palace and were happy all their reign.

MYRTLE L. WEST

Age 10 years Oscuro, New Mex.

LOVE AND JOY

THERE was once a king who had a little prince and princess who were named Joy and Love. You know Joy and Love go well together. When the king and queen died, the children were left to live with their old nurse, Symbol. She was a kind old woman and loved them dearly. One day a flood came to their land and Symbol and the children had to get on a boat and go to an island near-by.

When they grew older they had to take a journey which their father had planned for them before he died. Their nurse gave Joy a little flask of ointment and Love a flask of pure water. During their journey they found a poor, little dog; Joy put some ointment on his wounds and Love gave him a drink of water. A little farther on they saw a cat and her kittens. They picked them up and put them in a basket.

They soon arrived at the end of their journey and, as a reward for their kindness to dumb animals, they lived happily in the palace of Etheopia.

LATHA MAE HOZARD

Age 10 years Edmond, Okla.

THE BIRDIES' SONG

THE sun was shining bright one day.

Upon her nest a birdie lay,
And often when in bed I stay
I hear birds say,

"Twee, twee,"

And dance about the trees all day.

CLIFFORD LEWIS PORTER

Age 6 years New Britain, Conn.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I ENJOY reading CHILD LIFE very much. I have only been taking it two months and I wish I had been taking it all the time. When I start reading it I can't put it down, I get so interested in it.

I would like to become a member of the Joy Givers' Club.

Yours truly,

WADE HOLLENBECK

Age 11 years Wardell, Mo.

Mothers Are Earning Money

HAVE you been forced to forego advantages for your children which you knew to be rightfully theirs?

The mounting cost of living has made many mothers wish for some convenient way to earn additional funds without depriving her children of the companionship and care she owes them. Among the very few occupations that will allow her to choose her own hours, that will not demand a large proportion of her time and that will not exhaust her for the duties of motherhood is that offered her by *CHILD LIFE* Magazine.

Scores of mothers whose children are reading *CHILD LIFE* are earning extra money in their spare time to give their children the opportunities that are rightfully theirs. These mothers tell other mothers how much pleasure, education and training their own little ones find in every issue of *CHILD LIFE*.

For thus securing subscriptions, mothers are earning several dollars a day in their spare moments only. You, too, can earn money like this—and without previous experience. If you are interested in this dignified way of earning money and of doing a real service to other mothers, simply mail the coupon below.

--The Key to More Money--

RAND McNALLY & COMPANY
530 S. Clark St.
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Your offer to tell me how other mothers are earning more money sounds good. Without obligation to me, please tell me all about it.

Name

Address

City.....State

Dear Miss Waldo:

I WOULD like to be a Joy Giver. My mother got me my first copy of *CHILD LIFE* last January. I read poems and stories to my little sister and brother; they like them very much. I keep all my *CHILD LIFE* magazines. Sometimes I lend them to my friends to read and they say their mothers will subscribe for them. My magazines are almost worn out, I read them so much. I like to write stories and make up poems. I am sending a poem I made up called "The Butterfly" and hope you will print it.

THE BUTTERFLY

PRETTY little butterfly,
Flittering in the sun,
Playing with the birds and bees,
Is your work ever done?

Flying in the sunlight,
Flittering in the air,
You are here, then you are there,
Flittering, flittering everywhere!

MAY PLAMBECK
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Age 9 years

THE WAY TO FAIRY- LAND

ONCE upon a time there was a girl named Dora.

One day her mother said, "Do you want to go to Fairyland?"

"Yes, Mother," said Dora.

"Well," said Mother, "go to the woods, and when you get to the first oak tree shut your eyes and turn around three times and you'll be in Fairyland."

"All right, Mother, I'll go!"

So Dora took some matches and food, and off she went.

After Dora had traveled many miles she came to the woods where she saw the oak tree. Then she shut her eyes and turned around three times. Then when she opened her eyes Dora found herself in a strange and beautiful land. Dora lived there many years. After a while her mother came to live with her.

DICK GRAUMAN
Chicago, Ill.

Age 9 years



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YOU constantly wash your underwear sheets and quilts, but it is impossible to wash your mattresses. The *Excelsior Protector* will keep the mattresses fresh and clean. They are made in any size for bed or crib, and quilted so that they remain soft and fluffy in spite of washing and continuous use.

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One trial will convince you beyond any doubt.

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School and Camp Service

TO ASSIST parents in the selection of a School or Camp for their boys and girls, CHILD LIFE has established a School and Camp Service. All Schools and Camps are personally investigated before placed on our list and recommended. If you are undecided about a School or Camp to which to send your children we will be glad to help you.

Address:
E. E. GRUMBINE, Director
School and Camp Service

CHILD LIFE

536 So. Clark St. Chicago

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OLD MAN LYNX AND HIS ADVENTURE IN THE WIN- TER OF 1917-1918

OLD Man Lynx was a huge Canadian lynx with a very thick hide, and very sharp claws.

Old Man Lynx lived in the north of Maine in the spring, summer, and early fall, but when late fall came, he went down to New York State.

In the winter of 1917 Old Man Lynx was in his winter home, a cave made of earth, which was on a high woody hill, overlooking a forest with a lake at the foot of the hill. It was a very cold and snowy winter, and all the wild beasts that the lynx could eat were in their homes.

So one day at about 6.00 p.m. Old Man Lynx went to a farm to try to catch and eat some food. He did not know it was Christmas and the farmer was giving a party.

Old Man Lynx was so hungry that he went into the house.

He went through the parlor and into the dining room, where the farmer and his guests were eating the big party dinner. On the table there was soup, meat, vegetables, fruit, bread and sweets.

As soon as Old Man Lynx saw the food he rushed into the room, chased the people out of doors, helped himself to some food and hurried home.

After a while the farmer's guests went home and the farmer crept into his house and found all the food from the table gone, but the plates and things were untouched.

About a month afterwards some wolves came to steal the farmer's sheep. The farmer was very much frightened; his gun was broken, so he went to bed.

About twelve o'clock that night the farmer heard a noise. He rushed out to the sheepfold, and found, out of the three wolves that came to eat the sheep, two of them dead and Old Man Lynx killing the third. Not one sheep was hurt.

After that the farmer put out food for Old Man Lynx and he never robbed the farmer again.

KIM ROBERTS

Age 9 years West Chester, Pa.

Dear Miss Waldo:

I HAVE taken CHILD LIFE only since January, but I love it dearly. I have read all about the Joy Givers' Club, and I would like to join it. I also have seen the poems children have sent in so I am sending you some poems.

BIRDS

SOME birds sing,
Some birds fly—

Up to the sky, so blue and high,
And the little ones in their nest,
Huddle close to Mother's breast.
Others leave to learn to fly,
Up into the open sky.

DORIS BRYANT

Cedar Rapids, Iowa

Age 10 years

Dear Editor:

I HAVE written two poems for CHILD LIFE. I can write poems on any subject if you can use them.

CLOUDS

WHEN you are at play
On a summer's day

You will see the clouds go by,
Making dream pictures of snowy white,

Far in the sky,
While the sun shines bright.

The world's best artists
Are the clouds that float,
High in the sky
Like a sailboat;
They sail upon a lake of blue,
Filled with moisture of their dew.

First they come,
And then they go,
Just like sailboats do, you know,
And as they float upon their bay,
They make the pictures,
That we see at play.

SPENCER TRAPNELL

Los Angeles, Calif.

Age 11 years

IN THE TREE

THERE is a little bird
That lives in a tree,
And early every morning
He sings for me.

LOYD PHILIP HUNTER

Age 7 years Hudson, O.

